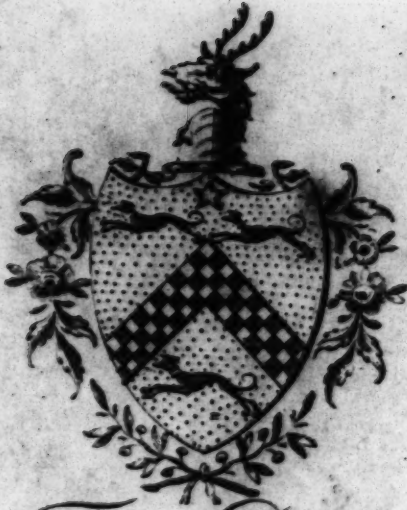
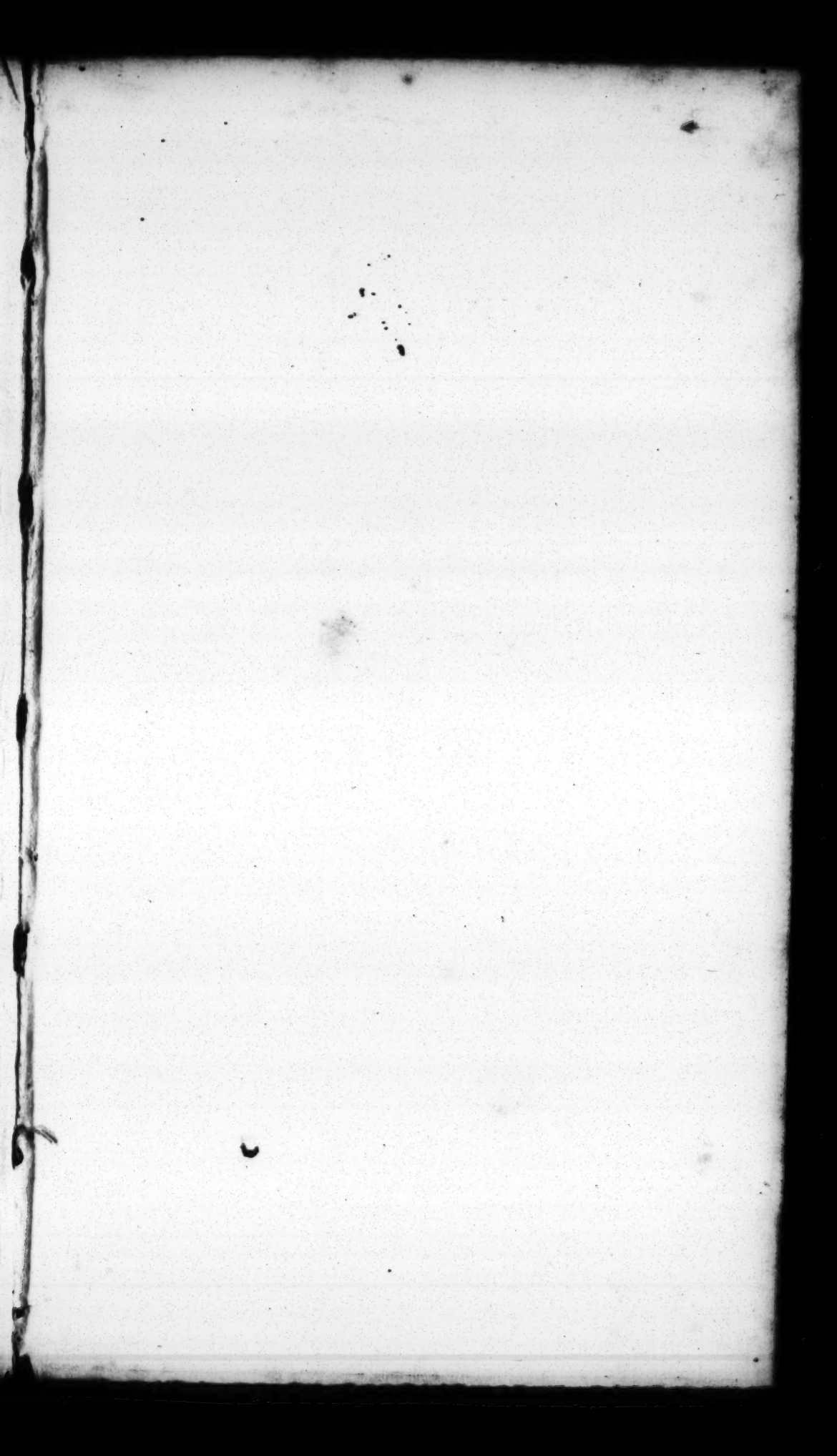


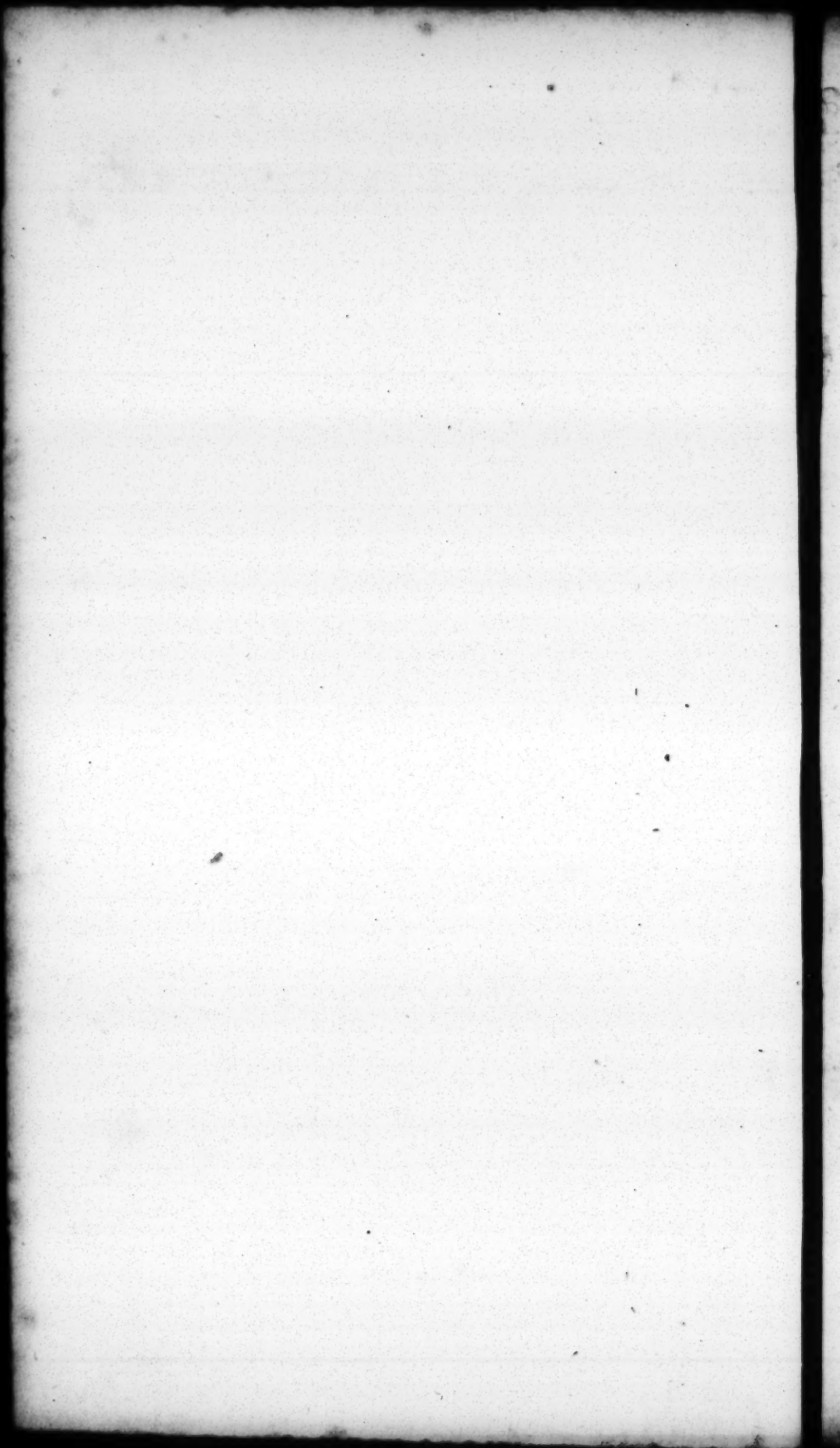
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TALES, ROMANCES,
APOLOGUES, ANECDOTES,

AND

NOVELS;

HUMOROUS, SATIRIC,
ENTERTAINING, HISTORICAL,
TRAGICAL AND MORAL;

FROM THE FRENCH

OF THE

ABBE BLANCHET,
M. BRET,
M. DE LA PLACE,
M. IMBERT,

M. SAINT LAMBERT,
and the
CHEVALIER DE
FLORIAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATER-NOSTER ROW,

M DCC LXXXVI.



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P R E F A C E.

THE selection here offered the public is a translation from the French ; and such a one as, while it amuses the mind, will not debase the heart. The mixture of the humorous, the satiric, the serious, and the tragic, will prevent lassitude ; and, should the Reader complain of dullness, in the following volumes, he will feel very differently from the Translator. The Apologues and Tales, from the Abbé Blanchet, have great merit, particularly Taciturnity, and the Dean of Badajoz ; the latter is, indeed, a master-piece. The name of De Florian is become
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famous in French literature. The tales by him, here inserted, were some of his first essays; and, though they are translated by another hand, and have been published some time, our's having been still longer translated, and with a licence which we think absolutely requisite, for the difference of manners existing between French and English readers, we have no scruple in presenting them to the world. We pretend not to assume or insinuate superiority; those who shall think a comparison worthy their trouble and attention will judge and decide for themselves. The Chevalier de Florian possesses great invention and feeling, as his last work, Numa Pompilius, most powerfully evinces: it was an effort of genius scarcely to be hoped, and little indeed expected.

The

The selections from the *Pieces Interessantes*, of M. de la Place, have contributed to the variety of our miscellany. The historical relation of the escape of young Caumont interests and affects the more forcibly by being founded on fact; and so, for the same reason, do the anecdote of cowardice in a brave officer, and the revenge of the courtesan. The story of Osakoi seems to be fact embellished by fancy. The credulity of the famous Marivaux is not only curious in itself but more so by being related of a man of so much wit and genius.

There are, however, several anecdotes and stories, related as facts, in the *Pieces Interessantes*, which prove M. de la Place was not himself wholly exempt from this foible;

(we mean credulity) of which there cannot be a stronger proof than the story he tells of the Earl of Stairs and his ancestor; who, it is there pretended, beheaded Charles the First. This same ridiculous and gloomy story is made equally ridiculous and more gloomy by Monsieur d'Arnaud, who gives it in his *Delassemens de l'Homme sensible*. Is it possible these gentlemen could believe what they have related?

In justice to the memory of Fielding, and the first work of its species that ever invention framed, we cannot help remarking, in this place, a very weak and impertinent criticism, inserted in the *Pieces Interessantes*, on the novel of Tom Jones. M. de la Place by printing this criticism on, or, rather, abuse of,
Fielding

Fielding and the English nation, which is in the form of a letter, written to himself by one of his friends, proves he thought himself superior to the original author, or at least that he had infinitely improved his work.

LETTER to M. DE LA PLACE
concerning the Novel of TOM
JONES.

“ ON the happy boundaries of
“ the empire of Taste, mutinous
“ spirits, Sir, may be found that
“ rebel against its authority; which
“ is no great matter of astonishment.
“ Among the most polished nations,
“ barbarians are to be met. But
“ that a whole people, who long
“ have cultivated letters, who have
“ enriched themselves with the trea-
“ sures of Athens, Rome and *Paris*,
“ should never yet have produced

“ a work of amusement, worthy of
 “ real and true taste, is a pheno-
 “ menon that will be difficult to
 “ account for ! Must the English,
 “ because they are jealous of their
 “ liberties, extend them to their
 “ mode of writing ? Do they sup-
 “ pose Aristotle, Horace, Quin-
 “ tilian and Boileau, legislators so
 “ wise, have been guilty of inno-
 “ vations ? The form of their books
 “ (I know not whether they will
 “ pardon me the parallel) resem-
 “ bles that of their government,
 “ and brings to recollection the
 “ three powers that mingle and
 “ unite at Westminster. Royal
 “ Majesty is represented by the
 “ sublime traits which sometimes
 “ escape them; the house of Peers
 “ by the noble sentiments they
 “ express; the Commons, who are
 “ the

“ the most numerous, by the trifles
 “ which they amuse themselves
 “ with describing, the trivial ideas
 “ which they want the knowledge
 “ to reject, and the meanness of the
 “ originals they present us. Their
 “ mount Parnassus is another mount
 “ Ætna, which vomits forth flames,
 “ ashes and smoke.

“ The History of Tom Jones, of
 “ which, Sir, you have given us
 “ rather an imitation than a trans-
 “ lation, is a proof of my assertion.
 “ The novel, in English, is as
 “ voluminous as that of Pamela,
 “ Clarissa, or Grandison; is divided
 “ into eighteen books, each of
 “ which is preceded by a differ-
 “ tation, on some subject of litera-
 “ ture or morality, for the most part
 “ foreign to the tale. The same

“ pedantic taste is predominant in
 “ the body of the work, and often
 “ interrupts the action at the very
 “ moment when it is most in haste,
 “ and most interesting.

“ You, Sir, have enriched our
 “ language with this new produc-
 “ tion of the English, which your
 “ good taste has reduced near one
 “ half; you felt how much these
 “ prefaces and individual treatises
 “ deface and confuse a work of this
 “ kind, where, as in a tragedy or
 “ comedy, instead of retarding and
 “ rendering the affecting tale lan-
 “ guid and cold, we ought to pro-
 “ ceed with rapidity and enthusiasm
 “ to the denouement.

“ Continue, Sir, to prove, by
 “ new examples, equally useful and
 “ agreeable,

“ agreeable, that, when a perform-
 “ ance of this kind comes from
 “ an English pen, it contains ma-
 “ terials that may be formed into
 “ a good work; but that, either
 “ through the want of taste, or
 “ want of method, these good En-
 “ glishmen have never yet been
 “ able to attain this perfection
 “ themselves.

“ I have the honor to be, &c.
November, 1751.

“ P. S. A man of undoubted
 “ taste, but somewhat severe, said,
 “ one day, on this occasion, and
 “ particularly on account of their
 “ extreme prolixity, that English-
 “ men, when they took up the pen,
 “ indemnified themselves for the
 “ icy taciturnity they preserve in
 “ the common affairs of life.”

The vanity, the presumption, and the impertinence of this letter, deserves no other reprehension than what every man, of true taste, to whom the author of it appeals, will immediately bestow, be he French or English. It would scarcely be unfair to presume that neither his friend, the letter writer, nor the translator himself, had ever read Tom Jones and Clarissa, when the one could write and the other print a letter in which it is asserted they are equally voluminous! Had he modestly asserted that the prefatory chapters, however beautiful in themselves, were judiciously omitted, in a translation, no Englishman would have thought either his nation or good sense insulted. But, with such self-sufficiency and ignorance, to speak with contempt like this of a
per-

performance when not all antiquity, nor *Paris* to boot, can produce its equal, is surely deserving that reproof which we have gone thus far out of our way to give.

As another instance of the *credulity* of M. de la Place, we shall translate the following anecdote, which he himself gravely relates of Hogarth and Garrick.

“ Hogarth, the intimate friend
 “ of Fielding, was inconsolable for
 “ not having been able, during the
 “ life of the latter, to persuade him
 “ to sit for his portrait. One morn-
 “ ing, as the painter, alone, in his
 “ chamber, was at work on the
 “ drapery and accessory parts of the
 “ portrait of the Duchess of —
 “ he heard a voice, coming from the
 a.6 “ drawing-

“ drawing-room door, like that of
 “ the deceased Fielding, who, in a
 “ hollow tone, called——*Hogarth!*
 “ *come and paint me!* The artist,
 “ who was no great believer in
 “ ghosts, reflected for a moment,
 “ laughed, and continued his work;
 “ but, presently after, the same voice
 “ was heard, repeating the same
 “ words, so as to convince him
 “ that the first invitation was not so
 “ chimerical as he had imagined.
 “ Not knowing what to think, and
 “ supposing somebody was endeavoring
 “ to play him a trick, he
 “ hastily rose, opened the drawing-
 “ room door, and started back,
 “ terrified, thinking he absolutely
 “ saw Fielding, who said——*Fear*
 “ *nothing my friend; thy regret has*
 “ *reached me: make haste, take my*
 “ *likeness, for I cannot stay here above*
 “ *a quarter of an hour.*

“ Not-

“ Notwithstanding the surprize
 “ which a repugnance to ghosts
 “ might occasion, and the fear of
 “ some trick being played him,
 “ to have a laugh at his expence,
 “ which greatly diminished his
 “ pleasure at meeting his old friend,
 “ Hogarth still had the courage to
 “ draw the outline of his figure;
 “ and so much to the satisfaction
 “ of the phantom that it said—
 “ *Vastly well, Hogarth! Farewell,*
 “ *take thy work, but, in leaving the*
 “ *room, beware thou dost not look*
 “ *back!*

“ Returning to his own chamber,
 “ the painter, though still much
 “ affected, could not, on considera-
 “ tion, long suppose this adventure
 “ supernatural. He rang his bell,
 “ and interrogated his servants,
 “ con-

“ concerning who had been ad-
 “ mitted, at an hour previous to
 “ that in which he used to receive
 “ company, but could not trace
 “ the least circumstance on which
 “ to found suspicion. Thinking, if
 “ he explained himself too far,
 “ the fear of ghosts might seize his
 “ servants, or he himself, perhaps,
 “ might become the object of ridi-
 “ cule, he sent them away, and left
 “ it to time to bring this interesting
 “ affair to light. But the more he
 “ looked on the portrait of his
 “ friend the greater he thought
 “ the likeness. He did not finish it,
 “ not daring to rely too much on
 “ his own judgment, but deter-
 “ mined to place it among other
 “ of his new works, so that the
 “ visitors might see it, who, most
 “ of them, had known Fielding.
 “ How

“ How great was his surprise and
 “ satisfaction when he saw the
 “ general and instant sensation it
 “ produced, and the praises which
 “ were bestowed on it by all the best
 “ connoisseurs in London. Not-
 “ withstanding the pleasure this
 “ strange success gave him, Ho-
 “ garth retained a kind of inquie-
 “ tude concerning the strange man-
 “ ner in which this likeness had
 “ been obtained; and, having ex-
 “ acted the most profound secrecy,
 “ he ventured, some months after,
 “ to consult his friend Garrick on
 “ the affair, for whom, till then, he
 “ had never had any secrets. What
 “ was the new astonishment of the
 “ artist when this celebrated co-
 “ median told him that, having,
 “ like him, long regreted the want
 “ of a portrait of Fielding, he had
 “ put

“ put this little artifice in practice
 “ for their mutual consolation!
 “ However universally known the
 “ peculiar powers Garrick possessed
 “ of changing his voice and coun-
 “ tenance, conformable to the cha-
 “ racter he meant to represent,
 “ might be, and although Hogarth
 “ himself was, from his studies in
 “ painting, one of the actor’s greatest
 “ admirers, he could not conceive
 “ how Garrick, excellent as he was
 “ at mimicry, had been able, not
 “ only to deceive him so far, but,
 “ to get into his drawing-room,
 “ without the knowledge of any
 “ one of his servants, of whose
 “ veracity Hogarth thought him-
 “ self certain.

“ The manner in which the co-
 “ median removed his doubts was
 “ by

“ by going, the next day, and
 “ playing the same scene; after
 “ which he owned he had before
 “ obtained entrance by the means
 “ of an old servant, lately dead, and
 “ whom, while living, he had pro-
 “ mised not to betray. Hogarth
 “ now well convinced of the obli-
 “ gation he owed Garrick, whose
 “ prodigious memory, observation,
 “ and pliancy of countenance,
 “ could thus imitate a man who
 “ had been dead eight years, in-
 “ treated him never to mention
 “ this adventure; at least, not dur-
 “ ing Hogarth's life; and Garrick
 “ religiously kept his word.

“ After the death of Hogarth,
 “ in 1764, Garrick, with his ami-
 “ able lady, came to Paris, where
 “ he passed some months in all those
 “ agree-

“ agreeable pleasures which his
 “ chearful temper, politeness, and
 “ gentleness of manners, made so
 “ justly his due.

“ The translator, *or, rather, the*
 “ *imitator* *, of Tom Jones, who had
 “ long been acquainted with him,
 “ and was proud of being ranked
 “ among his friends, was convers-
 “ ing one evening with him, when
 “ the conversation happening to
 “ turn on Fielding, Garrick, who
 “ had just received a complete
 “ edition of his works, sent for a
 “ set of them, which he intreated
 “ M. de la Place to accept. In
 “ the front of the edition was the
 “ portrait of Fielding, on which

* It is not his friend, the letter writer,
 but M. de la Place himself, who speaks
 here.

“ the

“ the translator was looking with
 “ great attention and interest, when
 “ Garrick, beginning to laugh, re-
 “ lated the above anecdote, and
 “ how he himself gave birth to this
 “ portrait.

“ M. de la Place, who was be-
 “ fore acquainted with the pro-
 “ digious mimic powers of Garrick,
 “ as were many other persons in
 “ Paris, so little doubted the truth
 “ of the anecdote that, happening
 “ to dine next day with the late
 “ M. Ch——, Intendant of the
 “ Finances, he related it to the com-
 “ pany, who were highly amused :
 “ some among them, however, and,
 “ particularly, the master of the
 “ house, seemed to doubt its truth.
 “ A few days after M. Ch—— said
 “ to the narrator, we shall some of
 “ us

“ us pay a visit to the *Palais Royale*
 “ to-morrow; the weather is cold
 “ (it was in the beginning of Ja-
 “ nuary) and, as you live in that
 “ quarter, I will call in upon you,
 “ warm myself, and you will, then,
 “ shew me this famous portrait of
 “ Fielding.

“ This was spoken ironically, and
 “ M. de la Place, being piqued,
 “ immediately went to Garrick,
 “ who, as immediately, promised
 “ him, which he, indeed, had fore-
 “ seen, to be at his house the next
 “ day, at the appointed hour, and
 “ cure M. Ch—— of his incre-
 “ dulity.

“ Accordingly, on the morrow,
 “ M. Ch——, standing with his
 “ back to the door and warming
 “ himself

“ himself at the fire, was looking
 “ through his glass at the portrait
 “ of Fielding, and laughing at the
 “ easy belief of the story-teller,
 “ when a cracked voice, coming
 “ from behind a screen, said — *Look*
 “ *this way and behold Fielding himself!*

“ It is impossible to paint the
 “ surprise, or the species of terror,
 “ which seized on M. Ch—— when
 “ he saw a head, over the screen,
 “ the very original of the portrait
 “ he was holding in his hand!——
 “ This scene concluded by an equal
 “ profusion of compliments and
 “ embraces on the part of M. Ch—,
 “ who, in his turn, was in wonder-
 “ ful haste to go and tell the story
 “ to all his acquaintance.”

The

The Parisians, merry-hearts, love story-telling. A hungry Chevalier would dine for a month on the above anecdote; nay, two, if he had wit; as hungry Chevaliers often have. Yet it seems a little strange that M. de la Place should give such implicit faith to this tale, when, in the very edition Garrick presented him, an account so totally different is given, in Murphy's life of Fielding, of the manner of obtaining this portrait. A good story and truth are two very different things; and we well know Garrick loved to tell a good story: especially when he himself was the hero. Great men have great foibles; vanity was Garrick's; but it was generally a diverting vanity. His powers of mimicry were certainly astonishing; a grotesque likeness of the

the features of Fielding, it is more than probable, he could assume: but that little David could personate the Goliath Fielding, who was above six feet high, and thus deceive the cautious infidel Hogarth, requires all the faith of M. de la Place to believe.

This jocosé subject has led us a little out of our way. We have only to add, in addition to the account of the pieces we have selected, that the Novel, by M. Saint Lambert, and the Dramatic Tale, by M. Bret, will, we presume, the latter especially, give our readers satisfaction.

We must likewise remark, we have occasionally departed from the text. If we thus have enfeebled the tale,
if

if by interpolation we have injured the work, we are undoubtedly guilty, and must so be pronounced from the just tribunal of unbiassed criticism. Should an indictment like this be preferred, we shall willingly plead, because we hope to prove our innocence. We have sometimes wilfully departed from the author; but our intent, at least, has been good, and we trust to the liberality of our readers not to be accused of ignorance precisely there, where we imagine we are most deserving of praise.

A P O L O G U E S,
FROM THE
A B B É B L A N C H E T.

A P O L O G U E I.

HUMAN LEARNING.

DA B S C H E L I M, King of the Indies, possessed a library so large, that it required a hundred Bramins to revise and keep it in order, and a thousand dromedaries to carry the books. As he had no intention to read all it contained, he commanded his Bramins to make extracts from it, for his use, of whatever they judged most valuable in every branch of literature. These doctors immediately undertook to

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form such an abridgment, and, after twenty years labor, composed from their several collections a small Encyclopedia, consisting of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could scarcely carry. They had the honor to present this to the King, but were astonished to hear him say he would not read a work which was a load for thirty camels. They then reduced their extracts so that they might be carried by fifteen, afterwards by ten, then by four, and then by two dromedaries. At last, no more were left than were sufficient to load a mule of ordinary size. Unfortunately, Dabschelim had grown old while his library was abridging, and did not expect to live long enough to read to the end, this master-piece of learning. The sage Pilpay, his Vifir, therefore thus addressed him. Though I have but
an

an imperfect knowledge of the library of your sublime Majesty, yet can I make a kind of analysis of what it contains; very short, but extremely useful. You may read it in a minute, yet will it afford you sufficient matter for meditation during your whole life. At the same time the Visir took the leaf of a palm-tree and wrote on it, with a pencil of gold, the four following maxims.

I. In the greater part of sciences there is only this single word, *Perhaps*: In all history but three Phrases: They were born, they were wretched, they died.

II. Take pleasure in nothing which is not commendable, and do every thing you take pleasure in.

B 2

Think

Think nothing but what is true, and
utter not all you think.

III. O ye Kings ! subdue your passions, reign over yourselves, and you will consider the government of the world only as recreation.

IV. O ye Kings ! O ye Nations ! listen to a truth you never can hear too often, and of which sophists pretend to doubt. There is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of the Gods.

A P O L O G U E II.

E V I L C O U N S E L L O R S.

A Learned doctor, named Saheb, appointed, by the sultan of Carizma, to superintend the education of his son, had orders to entertain his pupil every day with a story, proper to form the manners of a young prince. He, one day, related the following, which is taken from the Persian annals, but which will not therefore seem less incredible.

A magician once appeared at the court of king Zohak, and performed, in the presence of that monarch and his attendants, several miracles, to his great astonishment and delight. King of kings, said the en-

chanter, these are but the amusements of my art, and scarcely worthy your attention; but if you will permit me to blow twice into your ear, you shall immediately behold a prodigy truly wonderful. Permission was granted, and Zohak had no sooner complied but, after some involuntary vertigos, he felt within his body an extraordinary motion, more violent than painful, which ended in the sudden eruption of two serpents heads, near the region of the heart. Perfidious wretch! cried the king, what hast thou done? How has thy impure breath produced, within my entrails, these devouring monsters. Fear nothing, replied the magician, but return me thanks for the precious gift of which you know not the value. These two serpents are a certain pledge of the happiness

happiness of your life and the glory of your reign. All depends on appeasing their hunger and furnishing them with that food which alone they will accept. Select, from time to time, a number of your subjects, whom you may take from the lowest class of the people; with their flesh you must nourish these divine animals, and assuage their thirst with their blood. Above all be deaf to a despicable and dangerous compassion. Remember that what affords you pleasure must be just, and that royalty is not worth acceptance unless kings may, when they chuse, do injury to other men. Zohak was, at first, terrified at this execrable counsel, but, since he was assured his happiness depended on following it, he did not long hesitate, and soon found his inhumanity become a plea-

sure. The hunger of the two monsters, which grew from his body, became his own; and while they satisfied their cruel appetite he experienced, as he said, a delicious sensation. He paid no regard to the cries and tears, the blood or lives, of his unhappy subjects. He only considered his people as sheep, destined to be sacrificed to his absurd extravagancies; while they, in their turn, regarded Zohak as a monster, let loose to devour them; till, at length, their sufferings overcoming their timidity, they arose against their tyrant, tore him from the throne he had prophaned, and imprisoned him in a frightful cavern in the mountains of Damavend. There, deserted by all but his two serpents, the merciless Zohak became the victim of
their

their voracity, which he could no longer satisfy.

What a horrible tale is this! cried the young Prince, as soon as his preceptor had concluded: for heavens sake relate another which I may hear without shuddering.— Willingly, my lord, replied Saheb; the following is very simple and very short.

A young sultan reposed all his confidence in an artful and corrupt eunuch. This wicked favorite filled his mind with false ideas of the glory and happiness of kings; he inspired him with pride and a love for luxurious effeminacy, those parents of every crime. To the gratification of these wretched passions the young monarch sacrificed the interests of his

B 5

people.

people. He considered it as his glory to despise mankind, and his happiness to render others miserable. What was the consequence of such conduct? He lost his crown, his treasures, and his flatterers; nothing remained but his pride and effeminacy; and, not possessing the means to gratify these, he died, inflamed with rage and overwhelmed with shame.

The prince of Carizma was not totally dissatisfied with this last story. I like this, said he, much better than the other. It is less horrible and disgusting. Alas! my lord, replied his preceptor, it is the very same.

A P O L O G U E I I I .

E N V Y .

THE Santon Bazarlu, during the whole Ramazan took no repast till after sun-set, and then allowed himself only a single raisin.

He wrote on the wall of his cell this sublime monosyllable, *Hou* *, the continual subject of his meditations, and prayed in a posture so immoveable, that the birds, imagining him a statue, came and perched upon his head. Yet was it less his piety towards God than his charity to men that rendered him so celebrated throughout Natolia. His hermitage was the refuge of the unfortunate and

* Hou : it is.

penitent.

penitent. Whatever calamities any one suffered, or with whatever crimes his conscience reproached him, if he but visited the good Santon, he returned home comforted. An inhabitant of Smyrna, went one day to his cell, and thus addressed him. O Santon ! I am poor, yet should I bear my poverty with patience could I but see my brother as poor as myself: but with him every thing prospers, and he receives the gifts of heaven in such profusion that I burst with rage and envy. This is not all: I am hated and despised while this fortunate brother enjoys the esteem of the public, and the friendship of every worthy person.—Wherever I go I am constrained to hear the hated encomium of his virtues, nay am even forced to admire and applaud them myself. O Santon, I am the most
wretched

wretched of men, pray for me, and give me comfort, if in your power.

These complaints were the first the good Santon had ever heard without pity. Fly, said he, with holy indignation, fly, far from my sight, thou enemy of all good. Hell alone can comfort thee; since thou can'st desire the Deity to withhold his blessings from thy brother, and couldst delight to see him miserable and wicked.

A P. O.

A P O L O G U E IV.

R E V E N G E.

THE favorite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor dervise who had requested an alms. The insulted Santon dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity sooner or later to throw it in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told, the favourite was disgraced, and by order of the Sultan led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this the dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but, after a moment's reflexion, cast it into a well. I now perceive, said he, that we ought

ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel.

A P O L O G U E V.

R I C H E S.

AN Arab, wandering in the deserts, and having eaten nothing for two days, was ready to expire with hunger. As he passed by one of those wells used by the caravans to water their camels, he perceived on the sand a little leathern bag. He took it up, and feeling something within, Thanks be to Allah, said he, these are, I doubt not, either dates or
nuts.

nuts. Elated with this expectation he hastened to open his bag, but as soon as he saw what it really contained, Alas, said he, in an agony of distress, here are only pearls.

A P O L O G U E VI.

FLATTERY.

A Beggar of Schiraz, it is said, found a mirror, which would make the most hideous features appear beautiful. He immediately perceived that great advantages might be derived from a proper use of this glass, which was, in itself, a treasure. He presented it to every passenger, with an humble and insinuating air. Contemplate, said he, the
the

the charming countenance with which Allah hath blessed you, and bestow an alms on the poorest of his servants. Who could be insensible to such a compliment, and such a mirror? Every one gave with generosity, and especially the women. They are naturally more charitable than men, and never demonstrated so clearly the truth of that observation as on this occasion. One day the beggar, falling sick, entrusted the support of his family to his son, whom he instructed in what manner to make use of the glass. It was, however, only labor lost. The boy returned home, at night, without a penny. He confessed he had forgot to shew his magic mirror to the well disposed persons passing by, because, looking in it himself, he had been so captivated by his own beauty, that
 he

he had passed the whole day in admiring himself. Foolish child, said the mendicant, what have you gained by that? Are you more rich or less deformed? Learn, from thy father, the great difference between a man of sense and a fool, is, that a fool flatters himself, but a man of sense flatters others.*

* This Apologue is more ingenious than moral. Flattery may, and daily does, obtain wealth; but there never yet was Parasite who was not at times despised, by the very persons on whom he bestowed false praise. T

A P O L O G U E VII.

T H E W I L L.

HASSAN-BEN-AIOUB, a rich citizen of Balfora, a widower, and without children, being attacked by an incurable disorder, was sensible his death approached. One day, several of his friends coming to see him, he informed them he intended to send immediately for the Cadi, to receive his last will. On hearing this, one of them, named Agib, tenderly reproached him for this cruel determination, a resolution which he called so strange and premature. Nevertheless, my dear Haffan, added he, I perceive the respectable motive from which you act. You think it proper to dispose, in time, of that wealth

wealth with which you have been blessed, by the bounty of heaven : you are fearful it should fall into unworthy hands ; and, thus, the criminal use which may be made of it imputed to you. Prudent Hassan, I have nothing to object to such a determination, I will even go myself and fetch instantly the public officer whose presence you desire. Agib accordingly left him, wiping his eyes, though he did not weep, and, in less than half an hour, returned with the Cadi. Hassan drew from under his pillow a sealed paper. Light of the law, said he, you now receive the last desires of a dying man ; I entrust them to those pure hands, which have never been defiled by the gold of corruption ; when the angel of death shall have disengaged my soul from its prison, open this my testament, in
presence

presence of my relations and friends, but especially in the presence of my good friend Agib. Hassan died a few days after; and scarcely were his eyes closed, when Agib made haste to conduct to the Cadi all those whom the deceased had desired should be present at the opening of his will. The mussulman judge, after having shewn them the seal had not been violated, broke it open before them, and gave the writing to his Naib, who read aloud as follows. “ In the name of the just and merciful God : I, Hassan, son of Aioub, son of Abdallah, before I leave the caravanera of this world, dispose, by this instrument, of some imaginary goods which it is impossible I should carry with me.

“ I have threatened my nephews, Daoud and Achmet, who formerly
displeased

displeased me, to make them repent their conduct; and I will now fulfil my menace, very differently from what they expect. They are young and giddy, but, were they still more so, they are the sons of a brother who loved me, and the grand-children of my father. I therefore leave them all the substance my father left me, and all I have added to it by my œconomy and the blessing of heaven. If they make an ill use of my bequest, their sin be upon them. I leave them all I possess, on condition, however, they faithfully discharge the following legacies.

“ I bequeath none to poor dervises, nor hospitals. My hands, I bless God, were always willingly opened to befriend indigence, but now I am dying I keep them shut : it is the duty
of

of my heirs to open theirs. What merit can I claim from offering to God what he is about to take from me ! and in what light must he view those posthumous charities which, though they flatter the pride of the testator, cost nothing to his avarice ?

“ Let all my slaves, from the day of my decease, receive an unconditional liberty, the more deserved as they seem never to have desired it, till they feared my death. To those, among them, whom age or infirmities have rendered incapable of labor, I bequeath an annuity suitable to their wants, which is in no case to be less than fifty pieces of gold.

As to the rest, I esteem them too much to expose their virtue to the dangers of idleness. They may
maintain

maintain themselves, as it becomes honest and useful citizens, by the trades which I have caused them to learn: I shall only leave, to each, the sum of one hundred and fifty pieces of gold; to be employed in their respective occupations.

I bequeath to the Emir Mansour my Arabian horse, with his genealogy and his trappings, ornamented with pearls of Bahrem.

I bequeath to Molla Saheb my golden scrutoir; and to his brother, the Iman, an ancient Alcóran, written in letters of gold, on blue vellum; the same, it is said, which the Caliph Omar read, each Friday, to the Faithful, assembled in the Great Mosque. Except this book, I bequeath to the philosopher, Amrou, all the library
which

which he himself collected for me. I know he is a lover of books, and that it is much easier for him to write good new than to purchase good old ones ; therefore leave him all mine : but on this express condition, that he first accept the thousand pieces of gold, which I for twenty years have in vain pressed him to receive. If he be still determined to refuse this last proof of my friendship, I renounce him from this moment, and request those who knew us both to revenge my insulted memory, by abstaining from any correspondence with this unreasonable philosopher. I shall not, I believe, find so much difficulty in persuading my friend Agib to accept a legacy. What do I not owe my dear Agib ? He attached himself to me, without regarding whether I desired his services, as soon as he found me to be old

and infirm, nor has he left me though he saw me dying. He has made me perceive a thousand perfections in myself, which neither I nor any one ever before discovered. He has observed, with watchful eyes, all the extravagancies of my nephews; kept an exact register and rendered me an account of them, without omitting a single slip. But what shall I bestow on this friend so zealous and so officious? I will bequeath him this valuable admonition, by which I hope he will profit. Choose your dupes better, my dear Agib, and never act the part of friend, but with some wealthy person both extremely weak and extremely vain. Believe me, you may find numbers of this class.

Signed

Signed at Balsora, the year of the
Hegira 322, the sixth day of the
month Regeb, Hassan Ben Aioub,
servant of God.

A P O L O G U E VIII.

THE SYSTEM MAKERS.

DURING the reign of the Caliph
Motasssem, a set of philosophers
arose, at Bagdad, who pretended
there was no such thing as evil. *All
is for the best*, said they. This was
their fundamental dogma, the per-
petual burthen of their song. One of
these doctors had an eternal scold
and shrew of a wife, whose ill tem-
pers he long endured, but whom, at

C 2 length,

length, he strangled, still repeating *all is for the best*. The Caliph, having been informed of the crime, sent and had the culprit impaled in his presence, but was not able to make him heave a sigh, or utter a groan. The Commander of the Faithful asked how it happened he did not complain. Wherefore should I complain, said the philosopher; am I not well impaled? *All is for the best*.

The devil, it is said, carried off another doctor, of the same school; who, far from objecting to the vehicle, or mode of travelling, or troubling himself concerning where he should sleep, tranquilly said, we shall stop somewhere; and, in every world, as well as in this, *all is for the best*.

A P O L O G U E IX.

MUTABILITY.

KATIFA, queen of Gor, had many defects : or, to describe her better, she seemed composed of mutability and caprice. The fancy one day took her to become a philosopher, accordingly she instantly sent for the sage Zulbar. Henceforth, said she to him, on his arrival, I shall seriously labor to know myself : but, as I shall stand in need of assistance in the performance of a work so worthy a rational woman, it is my desire and command that you study my character, and draw such a picture of me as shall be immediately and universally known.

Which of your characters, most sublime Queen, said the sage ? Does your modesty make you imagine you have only one ? The flowers of the spring are less numerous, and less variegated, than are the virtues with which your mind is, each succeeding moment, embellished. While beholding these virtues suddenly spring forth and bloom, then disappear, then rise again to view, while observing them mingle, unite, divide and combat each other, I and all spectators must admire ; but who can describe or even number them ?

I have somewhere read, continued the philosopher, that the moon once was desirous of having a robe made exactly suitable to her shape, and of a colour most advantageous to her own. But the workman, whom she
had

had sent for, ingeniously said, O Queen of the Stars, at all times and under all forms you charm and delight us; but you are sometimes large, sometimes small, sometimes white, sometimes pale, and at others red. How then can I take measure of a shape which is never the same; or what colour will suit tints which nightly change?

A P O L O G U E X.

T A C I T U R N I T Y.

AT Amadan was a celebrated academy, the first statute of which ran thus :

The academicians are to think much, write little, and, if possible, speak less.

This was called the Silent Academy, nor was there a sage, in Persia, who was not ambitious of being admitted a member. Zeb, a famous sage, and author of an excellent little book, entitled, **THE GAG**, heard, in the distant province where he lived, there was a vacancy in the silent academy. Immediately he departed for Amadan,

dan, and, arriving, presented himself at the door of the hall where the academicians were assembled, and sent in the following billet to the President :

Zeb, a lover of silence, humbly asks the vacant place.

The billet arrived too late, the vacancy was already supplied. The academicians were almost in despair ; they had received, somewhat against their inclinations, a Courtier, who had some wit, and whose light and trifling eloquence had become the admiration of all his court-acquaintances, and this learned body was now reduced to the necessity of refusing the Sage Zeb, the scourge of babblers, the perfection of wisdom;

The President, whose duty it was to announce this disagreeable news to the Sage, scarcely could resolve, nor knew in which manner best, to perform his office. After a moment's reflection he ordered a flagon to be filled with water, and so full that another drop would have made the water run over. He then desired them to introduce the candidate.

The Sage appeared, with that simple and modest air which generally accompanies true merit. The President rose, and, without speaking a word, pointed, with affliction in his looks, to the emblematical flagon so exactly full.

The Sage understood from thence the vacancy was supplied, but, without relinquishing hope, he endeavoured

voured to make them comprehend that a supernumerary member might, perhaps, be no detriment to their society. He saw on the floor a rose leaf, picked it up, and with care and delicacy placed it on the surface of the water, so as not to make it overflow.

All the academicians immediately clapped their hands, betokening applause, when they beheld this ingenious reply. They did more, they broke through their rules in favour of the Sage Zeb. The register of the academy was presented him, and he inscribed his name. Nothing remained but for him to pronounce, according to custom, a single phrase of thanks. But this new, and truly silent, academician returned thanks without speaking a word.

In the margin of the register he wrote the number one hundred (that of his brethren) then put a cypher before the figures, under which he wrote thus :

0100

Their value is neither more nor less.

The President, with equal politeness and presence of mind, answered the modest Sage, by placing the figure 1 before the number 100 and by writing under them thus:

1100

Their value is ten-fold.

T H E

THE
HONEST VICEROY:

A TALE,

From the Abbé BLANCHET.

A Mandarin, who was Viceroy of Johor, governed his province with so much injustice and cruelty that the people, no longer able to endure his oppression, murdered the petty tyrant, and shook off the yoke of their lawful sovereign, Shaon-Malon, King of Siam; at once the proudest and filliest prince of the age in which he lived. The enraged monarch soon appeared with a powerful army, determined to punish the revolvers, and deluge their country in blood; but the rebels, seized with consternation, attempting no resistance,

resistance, he contented himself with throwing their leaders to his elephants; and summoned the chiefs of the province to appear before him in the great hall of the palace of Johor.

There, seated on a superb throne, and surrounded by his mercenary guards, Shaon-Malon harangued the assembly in these words: Vile reptiles, ye have dared to rouse the vengeance of the King of the White Elephant: I shall not yet crush you, I wish to try the sincerity of your repentance, and you shall exist till further orders. But you deserve not to be governed by one of my Mandarins. Prostrate yourselves before the Viceroy whom I appoint; and render yourselves worthy of my clemency and his protection. Here, Barkout, said he, to a prodigious
large

large dog, that was lying at his feet, come and take thy seat on the throne, where thou shalt be my representative. Reign by my authority over these wretches, and exterminate them if they be disobedient. Then addressing himself to a Chinese, who had been a long time settled at Johor, Mani, said he, I appoint you first minister to my Viceroy, Barkout. Serve him with fidelity, procure the same respect to his commands as to mine, and, if necessary, assist him with advice suitable to your wisdom.

Mani was an understanding man, who well knew an angry despot was not to be contradicted, and that the Siamese might be persuaded to believe any thing; he instantly determined how to proceed, and resolved to take advantage of the humor of
the

the King, and the abjectness of the people; in the name of Barkout he determined to do all the good in his power; and in such a manner that Barkout should be exposed to all the danger, or receive all the honor of what he planned. He therefore replied with much coolness,

May it please your sublime Majesty, your serene Viceroy will find in his Minister more zeal for his service than abilities; but I hope he will condescend to instruct me in matters of importance, and that his genius will supply my want of capacity. Fortunately, I possess one advantage, not very common, without which it would be impossible for me to receive his orders. I understand the language of dogs, and even speak it with elegance and facility. Suffer me

to use it, while I render, in the name of the whole province, the humble homage which we owe your representative.

Mani, then, turning towards the dog, after having touched the ground three times with his forehead, imitated for some minutes the barking of a dog, but in a soft and respectful tone. Barkout immediately returned an answer, which resounded through the palace, and this answer, ably translated, impressed every one with a high idea of his understanding and abilities. The whole assembly was delighted. Shaon-Malon, above all, admired the spirited eloquence of the Viceroy, and the uncommon erudition of his interpreter. He departed, a few days after, extremely contented with the double choice he had made,
and

and openly declaring that Johor would be better governed than any province in the empire.

Notwithstanding his air of ferocity, Barkout was in reality one of the worthiest dogs in the world; the most tractable, and the most docile. Won by the attention and careffes of Mani, he entertained the greatest esteem for that sage Minister, and improved so much, by his lessons, that he acted the part of Viceroy with no less ease than dignity. He rose early, and for form sake appeared at the levee, after which he went into the council chamber.

There the first Minister proposed the question in debate, which was amply discussed, every one freely giving his opinion. The Viceroy,
after

after having barked with Mani on the subject, pronounced himself the final decision, which the latter translated into Siamese, with a fidelity no one ever disputed.

On the breaking up of the council, Barkout entered the hall of audience, where a croud of people waited for him in respectful silence. He listened with patience, granted with prudence, and refused with courtesy. In short, he and his interpreter acquitted themselves so well, that every petitioner returned home either contented or consoled.

After this a dinner was served up to the Viceroy, simple, it is true, but solid in quantity, and ample in quality; at which Barkout gave proofs
of

of an appetite equal to that of the heroes in the earliest ages.

After dinner he, still accompanied by his interpreter, diverted himself by exercising his troops, or hunting in his park, and when he returned to his palace he was closeted with Mani, regulated affairs of less importance, and signed the dispatches, which were ready, by laying upon them his paw dipped in ink, at once his signature and seal. This business over, a familiar barking took place for half an hour; the Viceroy supped as he had dined, and then retired to rest. This was his daily routine.

Govern thyself well, saith the proverb, and thou shalt govern the world. It will easily be believed that, conducting himself so wisely,
and

and guided by the counsels of so able a Minister, the Viceroy of Johor found no difficulty in governing his province. He re-established the laws, which had been almost abolished during the administration of his predecessor. He enacted no new ones, except to explain and amend the old, and took care that they were all put in force. He did more, he corrected the manners of his people, or, rather, reformed them by his example. His judicious improvements were extended to every part of the government. The administration of justice, the management of the finances, agriculture, commerce, and the arts, were animated with new life: in every thing good order was established, and every thing prospered.

Nothing

Nothing was thought of but peaceably to enjoy the public happiness, when an army of barbarians, from the peninsula of Malacca, suddenly made incursion into the province, and marked their progress by ravage and desolation.

At this news Barkout and his Minister collected the few troops left them by the King; and, joining the volunteers, who offered themselves in great numbers, bravely marched to meet the enemy.

As the Viceroy knew but little of tactics he left to Mani, and his general officers, the care of chusing an advantageous post, and drawing up the army in order of battle; as for himself, after having ran through the ranks and animated his soldiers
by

by his warlike cries, he put himself at the head of his guards, and, without any other armour than a collar set thick with steel points, charged the enemy with an intrepidity more than human. The Malays were put to flight, or cut to pieces, but the brave Barkout did not long survive his victory ; he lost his life by a poisoned arrow, with which he was wounded while pursuing the fugitives.

I shall not attempt to describe the regret and despair of the whole province : a judgment may be formed of it from the discourse of the deputies, who came in deep mourning to notify to the King this melancholy event.

Great

Great monarch, said Mani, who was at the head of the deputation, we have been deprived by death of that inestimable gift for which we were indebted to your goodness, the Prince Barkout, our Viceroy, our father, I had almost said your other self. He united, with the probity of the most virtuous private person, all the understanding and abilities of a statesman; and accompanied the purest morality and simplest manners with sentiments and actions truly heroic. He has repaired, in your province, Johor, the evil of which he himself was not the occasion, and has been the author of good, which seemed to have been rendered impossible. He lived only for the public service, and at last died in battle, combating for our preservation and your glory. Alas! your faithful
 province

province has but too much reason to weep at so affecting a loss. How much greater must be our affliction if, while we mourn the virtuous Bark-out, we should be forced to lament the pride, extortion, rapine and cruelty of his successor. O King of the White Elephant, you have yourself said, we deserve not to be governed by one of your Mandarins. Deign, therefore, to command that we always be ruled by a dog ; we perhaps deserve it, and, if we may be allowed to confess the truth, we should prefer such an administration.

Shaon Malon took great care not to grant a request the consequences of which appeared to him so dangerous. He feared lest his people, contracting too great an affection for quadrupeds, should never more be

brought to submit to his Mandarins, nor perhaps to himself, and that his own crown might at length be transferred to the White Elephant.

He therefore answered, with an affected kindness, that he would bestow on his province of Johor much more than it had lost, by appointing the Mandarin Miracha, his principal councillor, and the most sublime genius of the Indies, its Governor. He, moreover, decreed that Mani, who appeared to have given such satisfaction, should retain, under Miracha, the same important post he had occupied under Barkout.

But what were the consequences of this policy? The admirable Miracha was a presumptuous brute, who wished to excel Barkout, and
refused

refused to be advised by Mani. He committed numberless absurdities, though all his efforts, to efface the memory of his predecessor, only rendered the name of Barkout more dear, and more respectable.

The Chinese account, in which the history of Barkout is preserved, finishes with this singular reflection: Next to such a prince as our august Emperor, who is willing and able to manage, himself, the affairs of his government, the most desirable is a Monarch of indifferent abilities, who will consent to be directed by an able and well intentioned Minister.

THE
DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

A TALE.

From the Abbé BLANCHET.

THE Dean of the Cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the Doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcala united. He understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human; except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic, and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Torribio. Immediately,

ately, he saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

Most reverend magician, said he, addressing himself to the sage, I am the Dean of Badajoz. The learned men of Spain all allow me their superior, but I am come to request from you a far greater honor; that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgement, suitable to the benefit conferred, and your own extraordinary merit.

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in hell. He told the

Dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master in magic ; for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he would not dishonor the occult sciences, by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

To the ungrateful ! cried the Dean : has then the great Don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful ! and can he so far mistake me as to rank me with such monsters ? He then repeated all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read, on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish.

In short, he talked so well that the conjurer, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse
nothing

nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations. Jacintha, said he, calling to his old woman, lay down two partridges to the fire; I hope my friend, the Dean, will do me the honor to sup with me to night. At the same time he takes him by the hand, and leads him into his cabinet; there, he touches his forehead, muttering three mysterious words, which I must request the reader not to forget, *Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf*; then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science.

His new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breath; when, on a sudden, Jacintha enters, followed by a little

man, in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the Dean on very important business.

This was the postillion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent express after him, and had galloped quite to Toledo, before he could overtake him; he came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his Grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The Dean heartily cursed (inwardly that is, and so as to occasion no scandal) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postillion, telling him to make haste back

back to Badajoz, whither he would presently follow him : after which he returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days after he again received news from Badajoz, but such as was well worth hearing. The principal chanter and two old canons came to inform the Dean that his uncle, the Right Reverend Bishop, had been taken to heaven to receive the reward of his piety ; and that the Chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant Bishoprick, and humbly requested he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue of the Deputies, endeavored to derive advantage from what he had learned, and, taking aside the new Bishop, after having paid him a well turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity and good inclination; but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talents for the occult sciences; he had therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended, as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo: He, therefore, took the liberty, most humbly, to request his Grace to bestow, on Don Benjamin, the Deanery of Badajoz, which he
could

could not retain together with his
Bishoprick.

I am very unfortunate, replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed; you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you, in every request. But, the the truth is, I have a cousin, to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a Dean; and, if I do not bestow on him this preferment, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But, continued he, in an affectionate manner, will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me just at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honored master: we

will go together; think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin: nor doubt but, sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry Deanery, in the remotest part of Estremadura, is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself.

The Canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the prelate's into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted; nor was any scruple made by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him, in the Episcopal palace, and was treated with the utmost respect, by all the diocese,

diocese, as the favorite of his Grace,
and a kind of Grand Vicar.

Under the tuition of so able a master, the Bishop of Badajoz made a rapid progress, in the occult sciences. At first, he gave himself up to them, with an ardor which might appear excessive : but this intemperance grew by degrees more moderate ; and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim, very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to sorcery or only philosophers and admirers of literature, That it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with the embellishments of human science ; but
that

that it is also the duty of Divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant, in the minds of their hearers, wholesome doctrine and christian morality.

Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, the learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom, for his merit and piety ; and promoted, when he least expected such an honor, to the Archbishopric of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor ; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the right of nominating his successor.

Don

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity, to provide for his son. He requested the Bishoprick of the new Archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both sorry and ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle; but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked this same Bishopric, for his natural son; and, though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and, what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was, therefore, an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one: but that he ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice, as he might learn, by that, what

what he had to expect when his turn arrived ; which it certainly would the very first opportunity.

This anecdote, concerning the ancient obligations of the Archbishop, the Magician had the goodness to believe ; and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

Nothing, therefore, was thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were now to reside. Though these were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time time they were destined to remain there ; for, at the end of a few months, one of the Pope's chamberlain's arrived, who brought the Archbishop a Cardinal's cap, with an epistle, conceived in the most respectful

respectful terms, in which his Holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the Government of the Christian world; permitting him, at the same time, to dispose of his mitre, in favor of whom he pleased.

Don Torribio was not at Compostella, when the Courier of the Holy Father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still continued a Priest, in a small parish, at Toledo; but he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant Archbishoprick. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms.

My dear master, said he, I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a Cardinal, and your son shall—shortly be advanced to the same dignity. I
had

had intended, in the mean time, to have bestowed on him the Archbishopric of Compostella; but, unfortunately for him, or rather for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, during your absence, written to me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified, unless I appoint for my successor the Archdeacon of my former church, Don Pablos de Salazar, her intimate friend and confessor; she tells me it will occasion her death, if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God; and I have no doubt but what she says is true. Imagine yourself in my place, my dear master. Shall I be the death of my mother?

Don

Don Torribio was not a person who would incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide : nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate.

To say the truth, however, this mother, he talked of, was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated, who lived quietly with her cat and maid servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had procured Don Pablos his Archbishopric? Was it not far more probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, a young widow, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his Grace the Archbishop had frequently been edified, during his residence at Compostella? Be it as it may Don Torribio followed his Eminence

nence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived in that city before the Pope died. It is easy to imagine the consequence of this event. The conclave met. All the voices of the sacred college were unanimous in favor of the Spanish Cardinal. Behold him, therefore, Pope !

Immediately after the ceremonies of his exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy, while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, whom he saw fill with so much dignity the pontifical throne. He modestly represented his long and faithful services. He reminded his Holiness of his promises : those inviolable promises which he had renewed, before he entered the conclave. He hinted at the hat which he had quitted, on receiving the tiara; but

but, instead of demanding that hat for Don Benjamin, he finished, with most exemplary moderation, by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy, if his Holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefit. Such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an Ecclesiastick and a Philosopher.

During this harangue, the sovereign Pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected that he was no longer very necessary, that he already knew more of magic than was sufficient for a Pope, that it must be highly improper for him to appear at the nocturnal assemblies of sorcerers, and assist at
their

their indecent ceremonies. After weighing every circumstance, his Holiness concluded that Don Torribio was, not only a useless but, a troublesome dependant ; and, this point decided, he was no longer in doubt what answer to return ; accordingly he replied in the following words,

“ We have learned, with concern,
 “ that, under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the
 “ spirit of darkness and deceit ;
 “ wherefore we exhort you, as a
 “ father, to expiate your crime by
 “ a repentance proportionable to its
 “ enormity. Moreover, we enjoin
 “ you to depart from the territories
 “ of the church, within three days,
 “ under pain of being delivered over
 “ to the secular arm, and its merciless
 “ flames.”

Don

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, immediately repeated aloud the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and, going to the window, cried out, with all his force, Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge, for my friend, the Dean, will not sup here to night. This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary Pope: he immediately recovered from a kind of trance, into which he had been thrown by the three magic words, when they were first pronounced, and perceived that, instead of being in the vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw, by the clock, it was not yet a complete hour since he first entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained with such pleasant dreams. In that short time he had imagined himself a
 Magician,

Magician, a Bishop, an Archbishop, a Cardinal, a Pope, and, at last, found he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitfulness, and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a word, and, finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajoz, without having made the smallest progress in the sublime science in which he had proposed to become an adept.

ALL FOR WANT OF
KNOWING ONE ANOTHER.

A T A L E.

B Y M. I M B E R T.

IT is universally allowed that the devil on two sticks, though a little inclined to be satirical, was really a very agreeable devil ; his gratitude towards the person who freed him from his glass prison (for it is well known he was corked up in a bottle) and the interesting relations with which he entertained his deliverer, have given him a reputation that will last as long as any devils exist : a sufficient certainty of immortality.

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E

The

The devil I intend to bring upon the stage is a relation of this admired devil, and named Ashtaroth. Ashtaroth was particularly fond of Survival, a sort of philosopher, whose profound reflexions, on men and manners, only served to convince him that every thing was but indifferently conducted in this best of worlds; and that happiness was as difficult to find as the philosopher's stone.

Ashtaroth, one day, took him aside, to give him a lesson, or rather to instruct him by a moral exhibition. For this purpose he carried him to a lofty tower; while a large telescope, which he had in his hand, gave him the appearance of an astronomer, ascending his observatory. Their intention, however, was not to examine what passed in the heavens, but to discover what was doing among men; who

who, in fact, are much more difficult to understand than the stars.

Ashtaroth, likewise, took an instrument resembling those trumpets which are so useful to deaf persons. Here, said he, to Surival, with one of these you may see whatever is to be seen in the world ; and, with the other, hear whatever is to be heard.

At the same time he applied his glass to the eye of Surival, who immediately perceived a pale thin man busy at his toilet ; this was a person of consequence, in reality young, but laboring under all the infirmities of old age. He was asthmatic, gouty, and debilitated ; but, beside this, he had a wen in the middle of his forehead, which gave him much more disquiet than either his asthma or his gout ; for these disorders were only

E 2

painful,

painful, whereas his wen spoiled the beauty he imagined himself to possess.

Ashtaroth having turned the telescope to another window, Survival saw a doctor of phyfic, who was not any great physician, but who boasted the possession of some infallible remedies for excrescences on the skin; such as wens, warts, and other things of that nature. This, no doubt, is some ignorant quack, said Survival. Far from it, replied his friend: he would be able perfectly to cure the wen you have just seen, if he were applied to, but he is ready to die for want, because he can find no patients; while, on the other hand, the person who is incommoded by the wen is almost distracted, because he can find no physician; all this, you perceive, happens for want of knowing one another.

If

If they could be brought together, the one would be cured and the other might dine.

Survival could not help starting some objections, in his own mind ; but, as he found it very amusing to make use of his telescope, he was unwilling to waste time in disputing.

He looked again, and saw a husband on the point of losing his wife. The poor man appeared in an agony of grief. Well, said Survival, this scene is truly admirable ; this honest man is, no doubt, really fond of his wife.

Yes, said Ashtaroath, so saith the text ; but let us hear the commentary. At the death of his wife the good man will be obliged to return her
E 3
fortune,

fortune, as stipulated at their marriage, if she die without issue. This information considerably diminished the good opinion which Surival had conceived of this kind husband. But let us look a little further, continued Ashtaroth. Do you see that man who is driving his son from his house, to which he constantly returns, in spite of all endeavors to keep him away? This son is expensive to him, because he has too many children : while the husband we have just seen has too few. The latter has been long certain that he never shall have any, and his wife, who has a great affection for him, is very desirous of having some for his sake. In such cases women are seldom without expedients. Were she and her husband agreed, do you not think it possible for her to procure children, if aided by one who knows so well how to manufacture them? At least

least she might obtain some ready made; but all this is for want of knowing one another.

Survival lost the conclusion of this discourse; for his telescope, by a sudden turn, presented to him a young female, who sighed frequently, and seemed extremely uneasy, but whose malady merely consisted in her being fifteen years of age. She was in her father's house, who called her his daughter; though, in fact, he treated her as his slave. She sighed profoundly, and seemed in a continual agitation; yet her anxiety did not appear to diminish her beauty.

Alas! cried Survival, with an emotion which he imagined to proceed only from pity, what ails this charming girl? She wants a lover, replied

E 4

Ashtaroth,

Ashtaroth, and immediately moved the telescope ; when Surival instantly perceived a young man, apparently in great uneasiness, incapable of resting in any place, and, though in perfect health, in greater perturbation than hundreds that are sick. Good heavens ! exclaimed Surival, what is the matter with that young man ? He is in want of a mistress replied Ashtaroth. Well, then, interrupted Surival, why does he not repair to the young girl we have just been observing ? That, said Ashtaroth, is the very thing I was going to remark ; but all this happens for want of knowing one another. There, continued he, are two persons who likewise know one another very little. Do you see that man, walking on tiptoe, who says every thing in a whisper, has such an intriguing air, and scatters his money,

on

on every side, to render those dumb whom it is impossible he should blind ; who, in short, resembles a thief, ready to fall into the hands of justice? This person is a husband, who secretly introduces into his apartment a young girl, with whom he is desperately in love. Ah ! says he to himself, how delighted should I be if my wife, who is too constant, would chuse herself a lover ! She would not then be at leisure to scrutinize my conduct, so narrowly : I should be more at liberty and therefore more happy.

He reasons very justly, said Survival. But stop, replied Ashtaroth, let us now turn the instrument on his wife, whose apartment is at a distance from his own, and who, at this moment, is introducing into it a young gallant. You see she is in the same

embarrassment and anxiety, and is, in like manner, saying to herself, what would I not give if my husband would but, for once, be guilty of an act of infidelity ! I should then have nothing wherewith to reproach myself, and my mind would be more at ease. You see two or three explanatory words would produce a right understanding, and mutual indulgence, and they might lead their lives in peace and satisfaction : but this is all for want of knowing each other.

That is not absolutely certain, answered Surival : who, at the same instant, applying the trumpet to his ear, was almost stunned by a prodigious noise. This was occasioned by a middle aged man, who loudly accused heaven and earth of injustice.

I pos-

I possess, said he, both wit and learning; I write both in verse and prose; the theatre has applauded my productions, and philosophers have been instructed by my labours; yet still am I persecuted by poverty. I would willingly part with a large portion of my fame for a small one of money.

You pity this man's case, said Ashtaroth. Turn your instrument this way; you there see a man very rich but very discontented. That is not at all extraordinary, replied Surival. But he found it much more surprising to hear him, by the assistance of his trumpet, complaining nearly in these terms: I possess all that money can procure, but am by no means contented. I aspire to the reputation of a great man, and am only regarded as rich. How willingly

E 6 would

would I part with a great deal of money for a little fame ! Surival, on hearing this, could not forbear calling out to him, without reflecting that he could not be heard, to purchase some manuscript of the poor scholar, whose complaints were equally loud from a contrary cause ; but, as every one had not his trumpet, his advice was waisted away and scattered by the winds.

You give good counsel, said Astaroth, though it cannot be heard. You see, were it not for want of knowing one another, the one might acquire fame, and the other riches, and the wants of both be removed.

His instruments presented him with several other objects, no less curious and interesting. Sometimes he saw a man equally tiresome to himself

himself and troublesome to others, who, in order to procure company, would go to the *Palais Royal*, and ask a number of persons to dine with him, though scarcely acquainted with their names ; while at the same moment in the garden of the *Thuilleries*, a worthy man, who was half famished, could meet with no invitation. Sometimes he saw an honest man in the utmost distress, because he was unable to borrow a trifling sum on unexceptionable security ; and, at the next instant, a rich usurer in the greatest uneasiness, because he could not lend his money to advantage. Perpetually the same reflection recurred : all this is for want of knowing one another. Well, said Surival, and what is the moral of this exhibition ? What your conclusion ?

I con-

I conclude, replied Ashtaroth, that Nature hath furnished men with all that is necessary to render them happy, and that it is their own fault if they are not so.

True returned Surival; all I have to say is that, though men, undoubtedly, have among them whatever is necessary to their happiness, yet, they are likely to be but little the better for Nature's kindness, unless you furnish them with your telescope and trumpet, to enable them to discover where what they want is to be found.

YOUTH

YOUTH AND VANITY:

OR, THE

TURKISH PHILOSOPHER.

A T A L E.

I SMAEL COULOSKI passed his life peaceably and happily in an exact observance of the Musulman law. A son, arrived at the age of eighteen, two wives, still very agreeable, and half a dozen young and handsome female slaves composed his household. This was sufficient for a man sixty years old; and, what is more, a philosopher.

His principle concern was the education of his son, on which he bestowed

bestowed the greater part of his time ; and, as he was now about to go abroad into the world, and practise the lessons he had received from his father, Couloski judged it proper to repeat the useful advice he had so frequently before inculcated. Having therefore taken him to a private arbor in his garden, he addressed him in the following terms :

My son, you are not ignorant that I am a philosopher, and desire nothing so much as to see you a philosopher likewise. I am going to send you to Constantinople, to my brother, who is a Bashaw with Three Tails. Your uncle will introduce you into life. It is necessary to see every thing with our own eyes, as much as possible.

Do

Do not suffer any thing to grieve you to excess. There is, in fact, no such thing as physical evil in the world. A wise man is neither depressed by sorrow nor transported with joy.

Carefully shun those tumults of the mind which violent hopes or fears occasion. Your soul should be a polished surface, never sullied by the impure breath of the passions.

Be prepared for whatever may happen, and remain equally tranquil in prosperity and adversity. Suffer yourself to wonder at nothing.

You would do well to acquire a real friend : such an acquisition is indeed inestimable.

Above all, my son, be discreet, sober and temperate. I do not exactly

actly know how matter acts on the mind, or influences our reason; but it is certain our faculties may be deplorably injured by the use of strong liquors. Satisfy none but your necessary appetites, and overcome all irregular desires.

My son, you are, as yet, unacquainted with women. They are born either to serve or to enslave; never become a lover, if you wish to be a master.

I shall not mention how much it is your duty to maintain an unshaken faith, in the mysteries of the Prophet. You are discreet. If you are so unfortunate as to disbelieve the religious doctrines of your country, still be wise enough to conceal your Incredulity, and God alone can punish the crimes that have never been committed,

mitted, but in thought. Nevertheless, beware, my son, of supposing all your forefathers to have been deceived; that opinion would but render your life wretched. It is said there are philosophers who profess to doubt of every thing. These are indeed to be pitied. Uncertainty is the poison of the mind, and a proof of its weakness.

Shun Anger, which degrades a man; and Falsehood, which renders him contemptible.

Such, my son, is my advice in few words. Go, forget not your father: endeavor to prove I have not sown in an ungrateful soil, and that you deserve the tender care I have ever shewn for your welfare.

After this discourse, Ismael embraced

braced his son, who immediately set out for Constantinople. My father's admonitions are extremely just, said he to himself; I should be very simple, indeed, were I not to follow advice so very easy to be observed. Oh! I am certain he will be perfectly satisfied with my conduct. Yes, my father, I call our Prophet to witness, I swear by —

It is wrong to swear at all, cried a tall pale man who stood near him. Learn, young man, that all rash oaths are crimes; and that your foolish presumption will soon be punished.

Sir, replied Couloski, with modest arrogance, I perceive, by your habit, you are a Dervise; but it is probable you do not know I am the son of a philosopher; nay, indeed, a philosopher myself, I thank God. You
will

will therefore allow I am almost exempt from folly.

Exempt from folly ! Ha ! ha ! ha !
You are a fool, answered the Dervise.

You are a liar, replied Couloski.

That is not yet proved, returned the Dervise, with insolent contempt.

There, then, is the demonstration, said Couloski, striking him. Be gone, instantly, before I chastise your unmannerly presumption.

The Dervise, who well knew he was not the strongest, prudently retired, and our philosopher continued his journey

Alas ! said he to himself, I have fallen into the frenzy called Anger ;
a spe-

a species of madness, with which I had flattered myself I should never have been attacked. But my father could not foresee I should meet a fanatic, who would insult me. It is not so easy to be calm and patient as I at first imagined.

While he was absorbed in these reflections he arrived at Constantinople.

Lost in admiration, at the appearance of this great city, every paltry edifice attracted his attention, and he remained, for a while, plunged in an astonishment bordering on stupidity. A charitable Jew, who perceived he was a stranger, politely offered him his services, and awakened him from his reverie.

Coulofski blushed to think he had suffered

suffered himself to be astonished, and requested the Jew to conduct him to his uncle, the Bashaw.

Most willingly, said the Israelite. But which of the Bashaws do you mean ; for there are several at Constantinople ?

To my uncle, without doubt, replied Couloski ; to my uncle Couloski, Bashaw of Three Tails to the Sublime Porte.

The Jew, having now received sufficient information, desired him to follow ; but scarcely had they entered the house of the Bashaw before they heard the most piercing shrieks, and saw the officers of the Seraglio dragging away several slaves, who appeared in an agony of distress.

Three

Three mutes, followed by some Jannissaries, then appeared ; one of whom bore a head, on the top of a lance.

Oh heavens ! cried the Jew ; what dreadful event is this ! They are bearing the head of the Bashaw, Couloski, to the Sultan ! Fly, unhappy youth, or you will be inevitably involved in your uncle's misfortunes ; and your life must pay for your imprudence.

On hearing this, our philosopher began to weep bitterly. There is no time to be lost, said the Jew ; let us leave this place instantly.

While he was speaking, a black eunuch came up to them ; and, looking hard at Couloski, asked his name,
who

who he was, and why he appeared in such distress. The Jew took care to answer for him. He is the son of Mahomet Ratfaln, who lives at Adrianople, said the Hebrew. He is a youth of so tender a disposition that he cannot look on a human head, on the top of a lance, without shedding tears.

Is that true, Mahomet ? replied the eunuch. Does not this dog of an Israelite endeavor to impose upon me ?

No, replied our terrified philosopher ; who had received such strict injunctions never to utter a falsehood.

This little artifice having extricated him from the danger with which he

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was

was threatened, the Jew took him home.

As soon as he perceived himself in safety, Fear gave place to Joy, and he thought he could never be sufficiently grateful to his deliverer. He lavished his caresses even on his very slaves. In his delirium he overturned the table on which they were going to serve the supper, and committed a thousand other extravagancies; nor was it without much difficulty that the Jew, who was afraid of the destruction of his furniture, could prevail on him to moderate these expressions of his gratitude. He presented him with some glasses of Greek wine. Ismael found it of a delicious flavor; it quieted his transports, but it was at the expence of his reason.

This

This was what the honest Hebrew intended. An extremely large diamond, which he had observed on his finger, had attracted his attention; nor was it long before he made himself master of the prize, together with all the money he found in his pockets. At length, not knowing what to do with our hero, he carried him out of the house, and laid him down softly on the pavement.

Poor Ismael slept there some hours; at length, the fumes of the wine being dissipated, he awoke, in utter astonishment to find himself in such a situation. He soon guessed how it had happened, and imprecated the bitterest curses on the Jew, who, as he presently perceived, had stripped him of all he had.

It is thus, cried he, the Prophet punishes those who disregard the maxims of philosophy. I suffered myself to be transported with admiration, when I entered Constantinople; I was seized with terror at the danger with which I was threatened, and extricated myself from it by telling a lie: I afterwards gave way to immoderate joy, put too great confidence in a Jew, and was guilty of intemperance. But, to say the truth, I never could have supposed Constantinople so magnificent a city; nor could I foresee the tragical end of my 'uncle, the apparent kindness of the Hebrew, or the intoxicating quality of his wine, which has reduced me to my present situation. None of these things however shall distress me, for, as my father has justly remarked, there is no such thing as real evil in the world. I have been taken
by

by surprize ; for the future I will be more cautious.

Ismael, having made these reflexions, walked melancholy onwards, not knowing whither he went. He cursed the unpropitious hour in which he had left the sage, his father, to act in so many instances unworthy a philosopher.

He then endeavored to find a caravan, in which he might conceal his shame and appease his hunger. He was stopped in the street by a respectable Musulman, who asked him whether his name was not Ismael Couloski.

If you mean ill to me, said he; my name is not Ismael: but, if you intend to prevent my dying with
F 3 hunger,

hunger, it shall be whatever you please.

Well, replied the honest Musulman, but if I were a banker, ordered by Ismael Coulofski to seek his son in Constantinople, if I had spent the whole day in endeavoring to find him, and if, observing that you do not appear to have been born in this city, and that, answering the description I have received, I now address you in order to pay into your hands two thousand sequins, would you then be Ismael Coulofski?

Yes, most certainly, replied our philosopher.

In that case, said the banker, follow me, and I will pay you the money on your receipt.

Ismael

Ismael did not find himself deceived; the money was paid, and convenient accommodations offered him during his stay in the city; which offer he willingly accepted.

The intention of his father was to enable him to solicit the favor of the Divan, without being an expence to any one; but his uncle's death had put an end to all his hopes of preferment. However, the banker interested himself so zealously, in his favor, that the Grand Visir consented not to consider him as answerable for the crimes of the Bashaw, but even permitted him to hope promotion.

In fact, the principal guilt of that officer had been his riches; a fault seldom pardoned, in that country, where confiscations compose the greatest part of the revenues of the prince,

and where the possessions of the ministers appertain, after their death, to the imperial treasury.

Coulofski, though he had scarcely ever seen a musket discharged, was now advanced to the post of Aga of the Janissaries, that officer having lately been strangled by the Grand Seignior's order.

Arrived at this dignity, Ismael soon manifested all the haughtiness and arrogance of a man in power. He now thought Fortune would never again forsake him, and that his present honors were only preparatory to greater preferment.

Ambition, however, had not so entirely engrossed him as to exclude the passion of Love. His haram was reputed to be one of the most numerous

ous in Constantinople; his agents had procured him, from Georgia, some of the greatest beauties of that country.

These females receive an education suitable to the part they are one day to act. They are taught to renounce that pride so natural to their sex, and which is looked on, in other countries, as the bulwark of Virtue. Their instructions all turn on the art of pleasing, which they are told consists in complaisance and submission. Yet can they seldom obtain any great influence over their imperious masters. The far different education of our European ladies enables them to excite desires, which the Georgians are only proper to extinguish.

In the midst of twenty Odalics, the least beautiful of whom would have been idolized in the public gardens of

Paris, Ismael had still preserved his heart. At length, however, he grew absolutely infatuated with a little French slave, though but moderately handsome, who compleatly revenged her sex's wrongs, suffered from Ismael's insensibility ; and thus it happened :

As our philosopher was walking in the place where slaves are exposed to sale, he heard an Armenian merchant swearing, in very tolerable Turkish, and a young girl mocking him, in French. Am I not very unfortunate ? said the Armenian. I have given forty sequins for this little French hussy, and can find nobody who will purchase her at half the money. I shall be obliged to keep her for myself.

That's a sad misfortune, said Ismael,

mael, who loved to appear generous ;
there are your forty sequins, send her
to my haram.

Henrietta (for so was this French
girl named) remained several days in
the haram of Ismael, without his pay-
ing her any visit. This mark of con-
tempt, however it might have been
felt by an Asiatic, was no ways afflict-
ing to her. She did not imagine a
Turk capable of love. The aukward
and slovenly air of her companions
made a far greater impresson on her
than their beauty, and she could not
envy them the favors of their master.

Let him adore their charms, cried
she, and for ever neglect me ; my
captivity will be less disagreeable.
Indeed it is lucky for me these Turks
have so little taste.

Ismael, however, unfortunately soon acquired it. He took a fancy to ask Henrietta how she approved of her new condition, and whether she regretted her own country. She replied to his questions by an interpreter, and in time was able to converse without such assistance. She assured him she ardently wished to recover her liberty, and found no amusement in the Seraglio which could enable her to support its Loss.

Ismael was surprized and piqued at this declaration. Your companions, said he, think themselves the happiest women in Turkey.

They are born for slavery, replied Henrietta, and feel not, as I do, the uneasiness of restraint. You are the master of their hearts, whereas you are the detestation of mine. Your
disgusting

disgusting presence makes them transcendently happy; for, being a man, you are all they desire.

And pray what do you desire?
replied our philosopher.

Delicacy, returned she; attention, politeness, a sensible and elegant mind; in short, the art of pleasing, of which the Turks, and especially your Lordship, are all so profoundly ignorant.

Ismael thought his new slave very captious; however, willing, at any rate, to make her change her language, he left, as he went away, the customary testimony of the affection he had conceived for her. Henrietta followed him, and could not refrain from laughing aloud.

Take

Take back your handkerchief, said she, I am far from aspiring to the honor it presages. Let me intreat you to present it to some one who knows how to value what I despise. This method of using your handkerchiefs is really very diverting; keep them, if you please, and wait till I throw the handkerchief, not you. Believe me you will have need of patience.

Coulofski little suspected the distinction he meant to confer could be refused; but the refusal served only to kindle in his breast a more violent passion, and he requested, as a favor, what he had before imagined he might demand as a right. This haughty Musulman fell at the feet of his slave, and acknowledged her the mistress of his fate. Such condescension gratified

fied her vanity, but could not overcome her indifference.

Whilst Ismael gave himself up to the pleasures of love, the Visir, his protector, thought of nothing but satisfying his avarice and indulging his private resentments.

The principal Aga, who was extremely rich and powerful, had dared to contradict him before the Sultan; and, as it is much more difficult for a Minister to seem not to notice than to punish an affront, the Grand Visir was solely intent on his destruction, and on deriving profit from his ruin.

His plan was laid in a masterly manner. Coulofki was in the secret. He was promised the place of the obnoxious

obnoxious Aga, and the hope of this preferment revived his ambition. He, besides, imagined such an honor would give him a fairer chance for the heart of Henrietta.

Though he still continued to shew the same attention to this attractive European, her penetration soon discovered that his mind was intent on some serious affair. To prove her power, she took it in her head to endeavor to obtain his secret. Nothing was necessary but a few kind glances, and some expressions which might seem to give encouragement. No very artful coquetry is requisite to impose upon a Turk.

Ismael, who thought himself already in possession of his wishes, made a compleat discovery of the scheme,
concerted

concerted by the Visir; a scheme which, if it succeeded, was to advance Couloski to one of the first dignities in the Ottoman empire.

Three days after the Grand Visir was banished, to an island of the Archipelago; and Couloski learned, with no little consternation, that the Aga, whom he had intended to ruin, was advanced to the post of the degraded Minister.

He immediately hastened to the apartment of his French slave, to discover whether this event had not been caused by her indiscretion. It was then he perceived the extent of his misfortunes. Henrietta was not to be found; she had fled with the eunuch, who was appointed her guardian, and had discovered the whole
plot

plot to the Aga, who favored their escape; and, improving his opportunity, raised himself on the ruins of his enemy.

Our hero, once more involved in misfortunes, began, according to custom, to philosophize. The good opinion he entertained of himself was no ways diminished, by these cross accidents. He attributed them to a kind of fatality, which was not to be avoided. His vexation would not suffer him to return to his father. Finding, however, a caravan of merchants, going to Persia, he embraced the opportunity to leave Constantinople; and, having taken with him such things of value as he could conveniently carry away, he left the remainder of his wealth to his enemies.

There

There was, in the caravan, one of those self-sufficient persons who, having contracted a violent love of disputation, will never suffer themselves to be contradicted. This was a Persian, a zealous adherent to the sect of Ali: he neglected no opportunity of pronouncing the eulogium of that famous disciple of the prophet, at the expence of Omar, whom the Turks hold in the highest veneration.

As Ismael was the youngest of these travellers, this disputant imagined he would be easiest to persuade; he, therefore, was perpetually extolling the mildness of the law, according to the commentary of Ali.

Ismael, brought up in the opinion of Omar, endeavored to defend it; but his adversary, more accustomed to
this

this kind of contest, overwhelmed him with quotations and authorities. Couloski, when he could find no more arguments, flew in a passion, as is usual with disputants; but, at length, which is far less usual, suffered himself to be convinced by his adversary's reasoning, and embraced the opinion of the sect of Ali. He even allowed that Omar was the wickedest of men, and that Mehemet Mohadin might still be alive, as he is believed to be by the Persians.

Our philosopher found no small difficulty in justifying this last disobedience; yet, said he to himself, it cannot surely be any very blameable practice to change our opinion, when we have been proved in an error. Demonstration is not to be withstood, but by inexcusable obstinacy.—
And

And, after all, my father could not know that I should be obliged to maintain a dispute, on the subject of my faith, for several days together, and at last forced to acknowledge myself confuted, or be esteemed an obstinate fool ; a very mortifying thought to a philosopher.

Thus did our traveller proceed, continually perceiving his folly, and yet continually inventing sophisms to excuse it. But such are men ; what wonder they should so often deceive others, when they so frequently impose upon themselves.

Coulofski, nevertheless, was not perfectly satisfied he was not reprehensible, and began to grow melancholy. His misfortunes, however, were not yet at their height. An unexpected accident rendered them compleat.

compleat. The caravan was robbed; Ismael, reduced to despair, had now no resource but to return to his father.

The joy he felt, on once more finding himself at home, at first dissipated his grief. O my father, cried he, I have sinned against philosophy and against thee. I have fallen into every error I promised to avoid.

My son, said old Coulofki, you have only sinned against yourself; but, perhaps, it is my fault. I did not sufficiently warn you against vanity. That, in fact, has been the source of all your misfortunes. Yet may your late mistakes be useful to you through the rest of your life. No instruction is better remembered than that which is dearly bought. You are already
cured

cured of your presumption, which is certainly making a considerable progress. Philosophers are not exempt from a few false steps; they even sometimes fall, but they afterwards rise, stronger and more courageous. Taught Wisdom by Calamity, they perform the rest of their journey, through the world, with fewer deviations from the paths of Prudence.

T H E

SPANISH EVENING.

A T A L E.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN.

IN a village of Andalusia lived an honest rustic, named Pedro. He possessed the finest farm in the country, but that was the least part of his riches. Three sons, and as many daughters, brought him by his wife, Theresa, were already married and had children, who dwelt all in the same house. Pedro, at the age of eighty, and Theresa, at seventy-eight, were served, loved, and respected, by this numerous family, who were solely attentive to prolong and comfort their old age.

As

As they had been sober and industrious in their youth, their declining years were afflicted with no infirmity. Contented with themselves, mutually affectionate, proud of, and delighted with, their offspring, they incessantly offered up thanks to heaven, and poured forth blessings on their children.

One evening, after having passed the day in the labors of the field, the respectable Pedro, Theresa, and their numerous family had seated themselves on the grass-plat before their door; they admired the beauties of the close of a summer's day, so much unknown to the inhabitants of cities.

See, said the old man, how magnificent the heavens appear, while the stars, one by one, shine forth to

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decorate the superb arch. The moon, hid behind those poplars, sheds a wan and trembling light, which tinges every object with a glimmering paleness; the wind scarcely breaths, and the still trees seem fearful of disturbing the birds which rest on their branches; the warblers cease their song, the linnet sleeps with his head under his wing, and the wood-pigeon reposes in the midst of her young. This profound silence is only interrupted by a plaintive and distant cry, which is heard at unequal intervals, and proceeds from the owl, the emblem of the wicked, who wakes while others sleep. He fears the light of the day.

O my children! continue virtuous, and you shall continue happy. Your mother and I have now enjoyed, for
 sixty

fixty years, felicity uninterrupted ; to obtain which, may you never undergo what we have experienced.

At these words a tear started into the eyes of the good old Pedro. Isabella, the eldest of his daughters, wiped it away, and kissed his cheek.

My father, said she, to relate past misfortunes is sometimes pleasant; you know how earnestly we desire to hear you recount those you have endured. My mother will be pleased to recall to memory your early years; it is not late, the evening is delightful, and the pleasure of listening to you will refresh us more than sleep.

All the family of Pedro joined in the same intreaties, they formed a circle round him; every mother took into her lap the child whose noise

might disturb attention, hushed it to rest, and, profound silence ensuing, the good old man, leaning on his daughter, and affectionately clasping the hand of Theresa, thus began his narration :

At the time that I was eighteen years of age, Theresa was sixteen, she was then the only daughter of Lorenzo, the richest farmer in the country ; I was the poorest peasant in the village, but did not perceive my poverty till I began to love Theresa.

I did my utmost to extinguish a passion which I believed must inevitably render my life unhappy. I could not doubt but my small fortune would prove an insurmountable obstacle to my obtaining her I loved.

And

And that I must either renounce the object of my affections or discover some method of acquiring riches. But to become rich it was necessary to leave the village in which was the habitation of Theresa, and this was not in my power.

After having considered the matter, and made use of the little reason I still possessed, I determined to offer myself as a servant to the father of Theresa.

My offers of service were accepted; I was received. You will imagine with what good will I labored. I soon became the friend of Lorenzo, and, what was infinitely more precious, favored by Theresa.

You, my children, who are married, know, by experience, with what

delight two lovers seek and enjoy the company of each other, when once their hearts are united. Theresa loved me as much as I loved her; I thought of nothing but her; and the happiness of passing my life in her presence intoxicated me to such excess that I forgot it must have an end.

My error was not of long duration. A farmer of a neighboring village requested Theresa, of her father, in marriage. Lorenzo informed himself concerning the number of corn-fields and vineyards possessed by the suitor; and, being perfectly satisfied in these enquiries, promised him his daughter.

In vain was it for us to weep or recall the vows we had so frequently repeated. Our complainings could be
of

of no avail. The inflexible Lorenzo signified his displeasure at the uneasiness too apparent in his daughter's behavior: we were, therefore, forced to conceal our affection, and our wretchedness.

The fatal day approached; all hope was lost, and we were about to be separated for ever. Death itself seemed less terrible than such a separation. To avoid it, we had recourse to the only means in our power; we fled together from the house of Lorenzo.

We knew well we committed a crime, nor did our offences go unpunished.

We left the village in the dead of night. Theresa rode on a little mule
G 4
which

which had been given her by her uncle; I had, therefore, declared she might with justice take away that mule, since it did not belong to her father. She carried with her, on the mule, a little bundle, containing her and my effects, some provisions, and a small sum of money, the fruits of her œconomy.

For my own part, I would take nothing with me. I had stolen a daughter from her father, but I could not reconcile it to my conscience to carry away any thing more. We pursued our journey all night, and at break of day found we had reached the mountains, and were out of all danger of being overtaken.

We then stopped in a valley on the banks of one of those murmuring rivulets

rivulets so often celebrated, and so often sung, in pastoral poetry. Theresa alighted from her mule, and seated herself with me upon the grass; we satisfied our hunger with some dried fruit, and appeased our thirst with water from the stream which ran by our side. After this frugal and delicious repast, we began to consider in what manner we were to live for the future.

After having twenty times counted over the money Theresa had brought with her, and after having computed the value of the mule at the utmost it could possibly bring, we found that our whole fortune did not amount to more than twenty ducats.

It was not possible to subsist long on twenty ducats. We determined, therefore, to proceed to some great
G. 5
town,

town, in order that we might be less liable to a discovery, in case we were pursued, and to marry as soon as possible. After this prudent resolution, we took the road to Cordova.

On our arrival, we hastened to the church, and availing ourselves of the laws of Spain, which deny marriage to none of mature age who present themselves at the altar, we soon found a priest by whom we were united. We rewarded him with half our little treasure, nor was ever money paid with greater good-will.

All our troubles seemed at an end, we imagined we had nothing more to fear; and that the pleasures of Love would, for the future, be our only occupation. During eight days our happiness was compleat, and
equally

equally proof against the remembrance of the past or apprehension of the future.

At the end of the first week we sold our mule, and within a month found we had only one real remaining.

What were we to do? What was to become of us? I was incapable of the labors of the field; and, if I had not, the inhabitants of cities reward but sparingly the rustic arts by which they are maintained.

Theresa was still less qualified than myself to provide for our support; she dreaded the distress which seemed inevitable, and the principal concern, of each, was to conceal, from the other, the wretched anxiety by which we were mutually tormented; a sensa-

tion even still more insupportable than the calamities we had reason to fear.

At length, having no other resource, I enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, then in garrison at Cordova; the bounty-money I received I carried to Theresa, who burst into tears as I gave her the wretched pittance.

My pay was sufficient to maintain us, and additions were made to our income by the industry of Theresa, who soon after brought me a child, the pledge of our mutual Affection.

You, Isabella, were that child; from you we hoped to find comfort and happiness in our declining years: of every other child we formed the same expectations, nor have we been deceived. Your mother passed the
day

day by the side of your cradle, while I, by a careful discharge of my duty, obtained the esteem of my superiors, and the friendship of my comrades.

Don Ferdinand, my captain, was only twenty years of age. He excelled the rest of the officers in the elegance of his person, and engaging affability of his manners. He conceived a friendship for me. I had related to him my adventures, and he was desirous of seeing Theresa. Our story interested him, and he promised to use all his influence to procure a reconciliation between us and our father Lorenzo; giving his word, at the same time, to obtain my discharge as soon as ever I should be reconciled to my father-in-law.

Don Ferdinand had already written to our village without receiving an answer;

answer; day after day passed on, and my young captain did not seem at all to abate in his friendly ardor.

Theresa, however, appeared very uneasy, and, when I asked the cause, either spoke of her father, or turned the conversation on some other subject. Very far was I from suspecting Don Ferdinand was the occasion of her disquietude.

This young man, unable to resist the tumultuous desires usual at his age, had found Theresa no less captivating than she had appeared to me. His virtue and honor were too weak to withstand his passion. He was acquainted with our misfortunes, and how much we needed his protection and services; yet he proceeded to make love to Theresa, who heard him with indignation; but, knowing

knowing the violence and jealousy of my temper, carefully kept the fatal secret from my knowledge; while I, blind and credulous, was continually extolling the generous friendship of young Ferdinand.

One day, after the guard had been relieved, and I was returning home to my wife, I, to my inexpressible surprize, perceived Lorenzo. Have I found you, said he, mean Deceiver! Restore me my daughter! Restore me the happiness of which you have deprived me, in return for the friendship I so foolishly entertained for you!

I immediately fell on my knees before him, and, after patiently bearing with the first violence of his wrath, I so far appeased him, by my tears, that he consented to hear me. I did
not

not endeavor to justify myself, but to move his compassion.

The evil, said I, is not to be remedied. Theresa is mine. She is my wife. My life is in your hands, punish me, but spare your child, your only daughter. Dishonor not her husband; she would die with grief; forget me that you may compassionate her.

As I said this, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him towards the place where you, my daughter, were then at nurse. Come hither, said I, and see another who has a right to your pity.

You were then in your cradle, and asleep. You seemed the emblem of innocence and health. Lorenzo fixed his eyes on you, they were soon moistened

moistened with tears. I took you, and presenting you to him. "This," said I, "is also your daughter."

The motion waked you; but, as if heaven had inspired you for the occasion, instead of crying you began to smile, and, stretching out your little arms, entangled your fingers in his white locks, innocently pulling him towards you.

The old man could withstand no longer; he covered you with kisses, he pressed you to his breast, and taking you in his arms, "Come, said he, let us go to my daughter. You shall be my son," stretching forth his hand at the same time, as a proof of his reconciliation.

Judge, my children, with what delight I accompanied him to our poor home.

As

As we went along I began to recollect that the shock of seeing her father so abruptly might be too great for my Theresa. In order, therefore, to prevent the bad effects of such a surprize, I ran before Lorenzo, and, opening the door, saw Don Ferdinand struggling with Theresa, who was obliged to employ force to save herself from his violence !

In an instant my sword was in the bosom of my false rival. He fell, bathed in blood, at my feet. His cries soon brought a crowd to the spot. The guard arrived, my sword was yet reeking, I was seized, and the unfortunate Lorenzo saw, on his arrival, his wretched son-in-law loading with irons, and dragged, afterwards, to a dungeon.

I embraced

I embraced him, and recommended to his protection my child and my wife, who was then in a state of insensibility. I kissed thee, likewise, my dear daughter, and followed my comrades who conducted me to prison.

I continued in confinement two days and two nights, a prey to the most gloomy reflections. I knew not whether Don Ferdinand was alive, nor what was become of Theresa; I saw no one but my jailor, who gave no other answer to my questions but an assurance that it could not be long before I should be executed.

The third day, the door was opened; and I was ordered out of prison. A detachment of soldiers was in waiting; they conducted me to the
place

place where we usually exercised. I saw at a distance my regiment under arms, and perceived the dreadful preparation for my punishment !

The idea that my misery was at its height seemed to renew my strength ; I redoubled my pace, by a kind of convulsive motion, and called on Theresa without knowing what I said, while I sought her on every side in vain.

My sentence was read to me ; I was condemned to death. A piercing cry interrupts my execution ; I see a spectre half naked, pale and bloody, endeavouring to force thro' the guards who surround me. It is Don Ferdinand.

My friends, cried he, I am the criminal. I have deserved death. I attempted

attempted to seduce the wife of this unhappy man, and my punishment was just. To put him to death would be murder.

The commander of the regiment hastens to Don Ferdinand, and shews him the sentence, by which I was condemned, for having lifted my hand against my superior officer. I was not his officer, cried Don Ferdinand, I had granted him his liberty. Here is his discharge, signed the evening before; I supplicate not for mercy, you had no right to sign his condemnation.

The astonished officers assembled. Don Ferdinand and Humanity pleaded on my behalf, and I was remanded back to prison. The generous Ferdinand wrote to the minister, declared himself far the most culpable,

blè, solicited and procured my pardon.

Lorenzo, Theresa, and myself, hastened to throw ourselves at the feet of our deliverer: he confirmed my discharge, and offered us presents, which we refused.

We afterwards returned to this village, where the death of Lorenzo has put me in possession of his wealth, and where I and Theresa shall end our days in peace, and in the midst of our children.

THE

THE
RIVAL KNIGHTS:
OR, THE
SILVER SCREWS.
A ROMANCE.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN.

AT the time when the Moorish King Aliaton, reigned in Portugal, Sancho distinguished himself at his court, and in his armies. His soul was incapable of being fatiated with glory. In vain did he over-run all Spain, conquering giants, storming castles, and delivering virgins. The unquiet warrior still complained he had not sufficient employment. Love soon interposed to divert his attention from these achievements.

One

One day, as he crossed the forest of Tomar, famous for its labyrinthian windings, in which travellers are so often lost; he overtook a Knight who was journeying the same way with himself, though with a less precipitate pace. Our hero travelled so fast only because he was uneasy. Delighted to meet with a companion, he abated his speed, and saluted the Knight, who turned his horse aside to let him pass.

Sancho asked him if he was going to Lisbon. No, replied the stranger. Am I far from it, returned the other; yes, answered the Knight. Here the conversation would have ended, had not Sancho anxiously wished to continue it, principally because the other seemed to desire it so little.

After

After several frivolous questions, Sancho proceeded to praise the beauty of the stranger's horse and arms. His companion thanked him very modestly ; but, at the same time, very laconically.

Sancho was in despair ; he violently goaded his horse with the spur, to induce the other to enquire the reason. The poor horse suffered to no purpose ; the traveller continued his way with his former tranquillity, without so much as turning his head. The two warriors passed on in this manner a whole league, and it was in vain that Sancho fatigued himself and his steed.

At length our hero could contain himself no longer ; but, addressing the silent Knight, Signor, said he, with a very animated voice, the cold-

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ness

ness with which you treat me plainly proves you think me unworthy of your esteem, I cannot bear to be used with such contempt; and, since you do not consider me as worthy of your conversation, you will, at least, do me the favor to shiver a lance with me.

I cannot despise you, replied the other, with much indifference, since I have no knowledge of you; long harangues disgust me, but I am no ways displeased at a challenge; only let us make dispatch, for I am to lodge at a considerable distance.

I am sorry to retard you, said Sancho, apparently much piqued; and, immediately placing his lance in the rest, rushed, like lightning, on the, till then, tranquil stranger. The lances of the two warriors were
pre-

presently broken, their scimitars glistered, and a thousand repeated strokes struck fire from their arms.

Sancho was concerned for the beauty of his armor: his cuirass was of highly polished steel, beautifully diamond-cut; his helmet ornamented with a golden cock, which supported a superb plume of feathers: the same figure was the device on his buckler, with this motto, WAR AND LOVE. The strokes of the stranger's sword had already disfigured Sancho's beautiful head-piece; who, enraged at its demolition, gave the reins to his horse; and, taking his sword in both hands, discharged a furious blow on his enemy's head, with all the force his anger inspired.

The stroke was terrible; but was resisted by the steel, and only broke

the murrion. The helmet fell off, and rolled along the ground. The shoulders of the disarmed warrior immediately appeared, covered with lovely ringlets of hair; and a pair of the brightest eyes in the world reproved Sancho for his victory.

The trembling hero lets his sword drop, alights from his horse; and, throwing his helmet away, presents himself on his knees before his conquered enemy.

Sancho was handsome, and his beauty was still more increased by the courage which sparkled in his eyes, the emotion he felt from the pleasure of having conquered, and the fear of having wounded his antagonist, which his attitude and surprise contributed to augment.

The

The lovely warrior, he had disarmed, surveyed him and blushed. She endeavored to conceal her blushes with a smile, and gracefully offering him her hand, rise, Sir Knight, said she, you are the conqueror. It is my place to ask my life of you.

Alas ! replied Sancho, I feel mine is but too much in your power. So saying, he returned her her helmet, and, remounting his horse, they continued their way as before, without speaking, though each could not help suspecting this was the last time they should ever fight.

This beautiful stranger was the Princess Elvira, daughter of the King of Galicia. No Knight surpassed her in courage, nor did any female equal her in beauty. Her

heart had never yet felt the passion of love, and had too much sensibility to love more than once.

The speaking countenance of Sancho, and the respect and love she could read in his eyes, had engaged her attention. For the first time she wished to please; and, under pretence that her broken helmet was inconvenient to her, she hung it at the saddle bow, to give the amorous Sancho a full view of her beauty.

Our hero, who some moments before had fought with her to make her speak, now, timid and embarrassed, scarcely dared to look on her. A thousand questions, and a thousand thoughts, presented themselves; but he could not resolve to utter them. His eyes fought the eyes of Elvira; but no sooner did they en-

encounter than they were again cast down to the ground. How short did the way appear to Sancho, and even to Elvira.

The sun had been long set, and the night was about to deprive them of the pleasure of seeing each other, when they arrived at a superb castle.

It was then the middle of summer, and the sun had shone without a cloud intervening from the time of his rising. That day, the most agreeable Sancho had ever seen, had been equally delightful to all Nature. A thousand vapors, which the burning earth had exhaled, took fire, and shot across the horizon. At a distance was heard the sound of approaching thunder. The trees shook by degrees from their roots to their

summits, and appeared, as they pressed against each other, to lament the fate which threatened them. The heavens, growing every instant blacker, were only illuminated by the streaming lightening. Every surrounding object seemed to portend a tempest, and a most dreadful. Yet did our travellers not bestow a thought thereon.

The flashes of lightening enabled them to discover the castle; Sancho proposed to make it their asylum, and Elvira consented; but the bridge was drawn up, and a wide and deep ditch defended the entrance.

Our hero sounded the horn, and immediately was seen on the top of the tower, by the light of a brilliant flambeau, not a deformed dwarf, like the usual pages to the great
Lords

Lords of those times, but a most beautiful child. In one hand he held a flambeau of extraordinary brightness, and carried in the other a little bow.

Knights, cried he, I am master of this castle, and am alone capable to defend its entrance. In vain have all the Kings of Spain endeavored to take it. With this bow I am superior to all the powers in the world. There is, however, one way, added he, smiling, to obtain an asylum here. Two lovers who swear to each other eternal love, at my gates, shall always be welcome here. If, therefore, you wish to come in, it is in your power.

At these words Sancho looked on Elvira, who turned her horse's head, and slowly paced back towards the road

H 5

they

they had quitted. The Knight, therefore, coldly thanked the child, and dejectedly followed his mistress.

In the mean time the thunder roars, the lightnings glare, the winds arise, and the clouds pour forth their torrents. The unrelenting Elvira alights from her horse, and, regardless of the thunder and the tempest, falls asleep, or pretends so to do.

Sancho takes his station near her, but thinks not of repose. He cast a sorrowful eye towards the castle, where they might have been sheltered; and, without daring to murmur at being obliged to pass the night in the woods, employed his thoughts on the means of one day persuading Elvira to be less averse to such an asylum.

While

While they were both indulging in their reveries, and perhaps both occupied on the same thought, the sound of a horn was heard. Elvira was on her feet in an instant. They perceive, by the glare of the lightning, a Knight, sounding with all his force. Presently the same child appeared on the tower, and used the same expressions to the Knight he had uttered to Sancho.

Open, open, cried a young damsel, whom the warrior carried behind him. I am Xarife, and this is my dear Abindarraes : we have long since sworn to love each other FOR EVER.

Immediately the draw-bridge sunk and Xarife and her lover passed over, after which it as suddenly rose again.

Sancho, hopeless of the same good fortune, could not forbear sighing; Elvira dared not: she seated herself again at the foot of the tree, and the rain began to descend more violently than ever.

Our two lovers waited the return of day in silence; at length it arrived, and the rain ceased. Scarcely had Aurora tinged the horizon before Elvira was on horseback. Sancho mournfully followed.

As they passed by the castle, the happy Abindarraes and the affectionate Xarife were leaving it to continue their journey. These two lovers, both in the prime of their age, beautiful, lively, and delighted with the entertainment they had received, smilingly saluted Elvira and Sancho, who, wet, pale, and fatigued, returned

turned their salutation with the utmost gravity.

I cannot but reproach myself, said Elvira, manifestly piqued, for not having employed force to obtain an asylum in the castle.

If we ever return there, replied Sancho, I promise you to leave nothing unattempted to procure you entrance.

The warrior, in short, was wholly occupied in contriving the means of reconducting Elvira to the beautiful castle, but he feared he should not be able to find the way. The windings of the forest of Tomar rendered it almost a labyrinth. Sancho conceived the idea of strewing the way, with something which might be known to himself alone; but a Knight who
has

has only his arms has nothing to drop on the road. Love, however, inspired him with an idea which had well nigh cost him dear.

He resolved to unscrew all the silver screws which fastened the pieces of his armor ; as he took them out he scattered them on the road, unperceived by Elvira ; who, wishing to break the silence she found so disagreeable, asked him to relate his history.

Sancho complied with all that sensibility and those engaging charms ever found in the recitals of lovers to their mistresses. He said little of his own exploits, nothing of his former amours, but spoke with rapture of his happiness in meeting with Elvira.

His

His lovely companion, in her turn, informed him of her family, and the reason which had induced her to lead this wandering life. She had left the court of the King, her father, to avoid the importunities of a Knight, famous for his ferocity. The redoubtable Rostubald, son of Ferragus, proud of his birth, gigantic in stature, dreadful in strength, had dared to solicit her of her father in marriage. The King of Gallicia, fearful to offend Rostubald, had promised him his daughter, and the young Princess, listening to nothing but her aversion to that barbarian, forsook the court to avoid so odious a lover.

This relation served only to encrease still more the passion of Sancho. When love first begins to enflame the heart it is ever accompanied

panied with an anxious fear, lest the beloved object should be already devoted to another; every enquiry, which may possibly dispel this doubt, is made with trembling, and, that once dispelled, Hope and Love are redoubled.

Sancho listened to Elvira with transport; while Elvira pleased herself with repeating, again and again, the same words. Not daring to confess that she loved her present companion, she made herself amends by declaring she hated Rostubald.

During this delightful conversation, our Knight had compleatly taken out all the screws of his armor, his cuirass was no longer held fast to his body. But of what consequence could that appear? He saw and heard nothing but Elvira, and his thoughts
were

were entirely occupied in contriving methods to engage her to return to the regretted castle.

As they winded along another path from that they were in, they saw, at a distance, a Knight coming towards them, mounted on a superb courser. He no sooner perceived them than he advanced full gallop. Elvira surveyed him and shrieked. It was Rostubald.

The two rivals instantly, from their mutual attention to Elvira, their haughty frowns, and jealous fears, knew each other, though they had never met before. The fierce Rostubald, casting a terrible glance on Elvira, attacked Sancho sword in hand, who received him with equal fury. The stroke of Sancho made Rostubald totter on his horse; but
his

his armor received the blow. That of Sancho, on the contrary, from which he himself had taken out the screws, is incapable of defending him long against the sword of the barbarian, which makes a dreadful wound in the breast of the rash lover. He falls, bathed in blood, and turns his dying eyes upon Elvira, though not to ask for vengeance.

The savage conqueror insulted him. Feeble rival! said he; thou hadst placed thy hope in the courage of thy mistress, and therefore thoughtest thou needest not know like a lover to defend her. Die!—But first see the object of thy affection encircled by my arms.

Thus saying, he alighted from his horse, and advanced towards Elvira.

vira. Despair, Love, and Rage had taken possession of her heart, and were manifest in the eyes of the fair Amazon. Prepare to defend thyself, cried she; and, instantly alighting, attacked Rostubald with her utmost fury. He, on his side, only endeavored to parry the blows, fearful to return them.

The charming Elvira was no longer woman, but Mars enraged, vanquishing all opposition. The arms of Rostubald cannot resist her fury, and his cuirass becomes dyed in his blood. He is uncertain whether to fly before the fair, or treat her as an enemy; at length, Necessity and Rage prevail, and Rostubald, in his turn, attacks Elvira. He repays all the strokes he receives, and the two champions seem determined not to end the combat but with their lives.

After

After most obstinate and fearful opposition, Justice and Love declare for Elvira.

Rostubald, wearied by the engagement with Sancho, and the blows of Elvira, could no longer resist the dreadful Amazon, whom the sight of her dying lover inspires with tenfold terror! He falls on his knee and begs for quarter. 'Tis too late! The swift descending stroke not Pity can recall! Death overwhelms the audacious ravisher!

In the mean time Sancho lies stretched on the ground, deprived of sense or motion. She runs to him, kneels beside him, distils her tears into his wounds, though even that balm is incapable of effecting a cure. She tears the veil she wore under her armor, and binds them up; she puts
her

her hand on his heart, to discover whether it yet beat ; but, uncertain whether life remains, while she endeavours to discover if he still breathes, her lips touch those of her dying lover.

Yes, Sancho, that kiss, the kiss of love, preserved thy life ; again it wakened thee to sensation !

Sancho opened his eyes ; and Elvira, transported, ran to fetch him water in her helmet. Knight, said she, live for my sake, live for my happiness. These words restore him to himself ; he looks on Elvira, presses her hand, and his eyes declare what his tongue is unable to pronounce.

Elvira then expressed her desire to procure assistance to convey her lover
to

to the neighboring village. No, no, said Sancho, with a weak and tender voice, let us rather return to the castle and the child. Elvira blushed, and objected, she was not sufficiently certain of the way. That I foresaw, replied the wounded Knight, but the screws of my armor will enable you to find the road ; I dropped them, that I might reconduct you thither, though I did not expect we should return so soon.

Elvira then understood the reason why Sancho was so easily defeated ; and shed tears, produced equally by compassion and love. Without making any reply, she cut down several branches of trees, of which she made a litter ; and, fastening to it the horse of Sancho and that of Rostubald, placed upon it her wounded lover, and took the happy road indicated by the silver screws.

As

As soon as she arrived before the castle, the child appeared on the tower. Elvira did not allow him time to speak. Open, said she, we will love each other FOR EVER.

At the words, FOR EVER, the gates opened; the heart of Sancho palpitated as he passed over the bridge. The care taken of him in the castle, and the tenderness of Elvira, soon restored him to his former health and vigor. After continuing a month at the castle, they hastened to the court of Elvira's father, who consented to the union of the happy pair.

BATH-

[164]

BATHMENDI:

OR, THE

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

A TALE.

BY M. DE FLORIAN.

IN the reign of one of the Kings of Persia, whose name history has not preserved, a merchant of Balzora, having sustained great losses by several unsuccessful ventures, retired, with the remains of his fortune, to the borders of the province of Koufistan, where he bought a small house and farm. The troubles he had experienced shortened his days; and, perceiving himself near his end, he called for his four sons, and addressed them in the following words:

My

My children, I have no wealth to leave you, except this house, and the knowledge of a secret, which it was not proper I should reveal to you till now. During the days of my opulence, the Genius, Alzim, was my friend ; he promised me to take care of you after my death, and divide a treasure among you. This Genius resides some miles hence, in the great forest Kom. Thither repair, and petition him to bestow this treasure on you. But beware how you believe——

He was prevented by death from saying more.

The merchant's four sons, after having buried their father, hastened to the forest of Kom. They enquired for the habitation of the Genius, Alzim, which they easily found, as

Alzim was well known to all the country, for he received all his visitors with the utmost kindness, listened to their complaints, comforted them in their affliction, and supplied them with money, when they were in want. But his favors were all bestowed under one condition. Those whom he assisted were blindly to follow his advice. Such was his humor; and none were admitted into his palace till they had solemnly sworn compliance.

This oath appeared of very little consequence to the three eldest sons of the merchant; but the fourth could not help thinking it a very ridiculous ceremony. He, however, determined to go, and receive the promised Treasure; and to swear, with as little scruple as his brothers. But reflecting on the dangerous consequences

sequences which might possibly arise, from so indiscreet an oath, and remembering that his father, who often visited this palace, had been all his life engaged in foolish projects, he resolved to secure himself from so much danger, and yet not incur the guilt of perjury. With this view he stopped his ears with wax; and, having taken this precaution, prostrated himself before the throne of Alzim.

Alzim raised the sons of his deceased friend from the ground, embraced them, spoke to them of their father, and shed tears, when he repeated his name. He then ordered a large coffer, full of Darics to be brought. This, said he, is the treasure I design for you. I shall divide it among you; and, afterwards, inform each what he must do, to become perfectly happy.

Tai heard nothing the Genius said, but observed him, attentively, and imagined he perceived, in his countenance and manner, an air of cunning and malignity. However, he received, with gratitude, the portion of the treasure assigned him. Alzim, after having thus enriched them, addressed them with the greatest seeming affection.

My dear children, said he, your good or evil fortune must depend on your meeting, as soon as possible, with a certain Being named Bathmendi*; who is much spoken of by every body, but known to very few. Wretched mortals are indeed perpetually in search of him; but have no one to direct them where he may be found; I will inform each of you.

* Bathmendi, in the Persian, signifies Happiness.

At

At these words Alzim took Bekir, the eldest of the four brothers, aside. My son, said he thou art born with great natural courage, and prodigious talents for war. The King of Persia has just sent an army against the Turks; join that army; thou wilt find Bathmendi in the camp of the Persians.

Bekir returned thanks to the Genius, and burnt with impatience to depart.

Alzim then made a sign for Mezzou, the second son, to approach. You possess wit, address, and a disposition for successful dissimulation, said he: take the road to Ispahan, Bathmendi is at court.

He next called the third brother, who was named Sadder. You, said

he, are endowed with a lively and fertile imagination : you see objects, not as they really are, but, as you would wish them to be : you often discover marks of genius, though not always of common sense : you will become a great poet. Take the road to Agra, you must seek Bathmendi among the wits and beauties of that city,

Tai advanced, in his turn; and, thanks to the wax, heard not a word that was said. It has since been known, Alzim advised him to become a Dervise.

The four brothers, having returned thanks to the Genius, their benefactor, went back to their habitation. The three eldest thought of nothing but Bathmendi. Tai, having unstopped his ears, heard his brothers
arranging

arranging every thing for their departure, proposing to sell their house to the best bidder, and divide the money. Tai requested he might be allowed to purchase; accordingly the house and farm were appraised, Tai paid each brother his share, out of his money, wished them all possible happiness, embraced them tenderly, and remained, alone, in the house of his father.

He then resolved to execute what he had long purposed. He had entertained a constant passion for the beautiful Amina, the daughter of a neighbouring peasant. Amina was lovely and discreet. She managed the household affairs of her father, was the comfort of his old age, and requested only two things of the Gods: the first, that her father long might live; and, the second, that she

might become the wife of Tai. Her prayers were heard. Tai asked and obtained her in marriage. The father of Amina came to live with Tai, and teach him the art of cultivating his lands to the best advantage.

Tai had still some of the gold, he received from the Genius, remaining. This he employed to extend his farm, and purchase a flock of sheep. His lands doubled their value, and the fleeces of his sheep increased his wealth. Plenty reigned in the house of Tai; and, as he was industrious, and his wife frugal, each year added to their income. Amina brought him a child every ten months. A numerous progeny ruin the idle inhabitants of cities: they are the wealth of the husbandman.

At

At the end of six years, Tai was father to seven of the finest children in the world ; husband to a good and virtuous wife ; son-in-law to an old man equally respectable and amiable ; possessed of many slaves and much cattle ; and, at once, the richest and happiest farmer in all Koussistan.

In the mean time the three brothers continued their search after Bathmendi.

Bekir arrived at the camp of the Persians, presented himself to the Grand Visir, and requested to be employed, among the troops destined for the hottest service. His appearance and spirit pleased the Visir, who gave him a command in a company of horse. A few days after a bloody battle was fought, and Bekir performed wonders. He saved the

life of his own commander, and took the General of the enemy prisoner with his own hand. The camp resounded with his praises; the soldiers styled him the Hero of Persia, and the grateful Visir raised his deliverer to the rank of a general officer.

Alzim was right, said Bekir. Here Fortune waits me, every event gives me a certainty I shall now soon meet with Bathmendi.

The glory of Bekir, and, especially his sudden advancement, excited envy and discontent among the Satraps. Some came to ask him after his father, complaining how much they had suffered by his bankruptcy; others pretended that his mother had been one of their slaves, and all refused to serve under him, because they were his elders.

Thus

Thus had Bekir's success rendered him miserable. He lived in solitude, always a prey to mistrust, and in continual expectation of receiving insults which, though he might revenge, he could not prevent. He regretted the time when he was only an undistinguished cadet, and wished impatiently for the end of the war. In the mean time the Turks, reinforced by fresh troops, and under the conduct of a new General, attacked the army which Bekir commanded.

This was the opportunity the Satraps had long desired. They exerted themselves a thousand times more to prevent their commander from gaining the battle than they had ever done, in their lives, to obtain a victory. Bekir defended himself like a lion; but he was neither o-

beyed nor seconded. The Persian soldiers in vain made resistance; their officers repressed their ardor, magnified their danger, and only persuaded them to fly.

The brave Bekir, deserted by his troops, covered with wounds, and overpowered by multitudes, was taken by the Janissaries. The Turkish General had the meaness to load him with irons, as soon as he was in a condition to bear them, and send him to Constantinople; where he was thrown into a nauseous dungeon.

Alas, cried Bekir, I begin now to mistrust that Alzim has deceived me; for I cannot expect here to meet with Bathmendi.

The war lasted fifteen years, and the Satraps continually took care to prevent

prevent the exchange of Bekir. He was not released from prison, till a peace took place between the two nations.

No sooner was he at liberty than he hastened to Ispahan, to seek the Visir, his patron, whose life he had saved. It was three weeks before he could find means to speak to him, at length he obtained an audience.

Fifteen years imprisonment makes a great alteration in the appearance of a handsome young man. Bekir no longer looked the same, nor did the Visir know him: at last, however, by carefully recalling to mind all the different events of his glorious life, he recollected that Bekir had formerly rendered him some little service.

Yes,

Yes, yes, my friend, said the Visir, I remember you; you are a brave man; but the state has suffered greatly; a long war and numerous expences have exhausted our finances. However, call again; I will think of you, I will endeavor——

Alas, my Lord, cried Bekir, I am in want of common necessities. Nay, during the last fortnight, which I spent in procuring admission to your presence, I must have perished with hunger, had it not been for an old Comrade who shared his pay with me.

It was very lucky you met with him, replied the Visir; yours was a very affecting case. I will mention you to the Soldan: call on me again. You know how much I esteem you.

So

So saying, he turned his back. Bekir came, as ordered, again, and again; but found all admittance barred : he therefore quitted, in despair the palace and the city, resolving never to enter either of them more.

He had not proceeded far before he laid himself down, under a tree, on the banks of the Zenderon, and reflected on the ingratitude of Vifirs, on all the calamities he had already experienced, and on those with which he still was threatened.

At length, no longer able to support these melancholy ideas, he suddenly arose, determined to throw himself into the river, when he found himself caught hold of, and embraced, by a poor ragged wretch, who bathed him with his tears, exclaiming,

claiming, with great emotion, Yes ! it is my brother ! It is my brother Bekir ! Bekir turned, looked, and beheld Mesrou.

Every one, no doubt, experiences pleasure at meeting with a brother, whom it is long since he has seen : but a disconsolate fugitive, without fortune, without friends, thinks he beholds an angel descended from heaven, when he unexpectedly finds a brother he loves.

Such were the feelings of Bekir and Mesrou. They embraced with extacy, mingled their mutual tears, and, after the first moments of tenderness, surveyed each other with astonishment and sorrow.

Are you then also in distress ? cried Bekir.

This

This, replied Mesrou, is the first happy moment I have experienced since we parted.

At these words the two unfortunate brothers again wept, again embraced, with the utmost emotion ; and Mesrou, seating himself near Bekir, thus began his history.

You must remember that fatal day on which we went, together, to the Genius, Alzim. He, perfidious Being, told me I should meet, at court, with that Bathmendi I was so desirous to find. I followed his pernicious advice and soon arrived at Ispahan. I there became acquainted with a young female slave, who belonged to the mistress of the first secretary of the Grand Visir. This slave conceived a passion for me ;
and

and introduced me to her mistress, who, finding me younger and handsomer than her lover, took me into her house, pretending I was her brother. The new brother was soon presented to the Visir, and not long after promoted to an employment in the palace.

I had nothing to do but accept what Fortune was so ready to throw in my way, and remember to what I owed my advancement. As the Sultan's mother was old, and ugly, and possessed of great influence, I took care to pay my court to her, most assiduously. She admitted me to enjoy the same friendship I had experienced from the slave and her mistress.

From that moment, riches and honors were showered thick upon me.

me. The Sultana procured for me, from the Sophi, every profitable and honorable office. The Monarch, himself, had conceived the greatest affection for me: he was fond of my company because I flattered him with address, and always gave him the advice I knew would please him best.

This behavior soon succeeded to my wish. At the end of three years I saw myself, at once, prime minister, favorite of my sovereign, and the lover of his mother; possessed of authority to appoint or displace Vizirs, disposing of every thing by my interest, and receiving, every morning, all the great men of the empire, at my levee, who were happy if they could but obtain a smile of encouragement.

IN

In the midst of so much good fortune I was surprized that I had not met with Bathmendi. I seem to possess every thing I can desire, cried I, and how is it that I cannot, yet, find Bathmendi? This idea, and the constraint and mistrust in which I passed my life, poisoned all my pleasures. The older the Sultana grew the less easily was she satisfied; and the duty imposed on me by my gratitude grew every day more disagreeable. Her tenderness for me became my torment. Our meetings were spent in fits of passion, and reproaches of ingratitude; which were succeeded by tears and caresses a hundred times more insupportable than her reproaches.

My elevated station procured me a thousand flatterers, and an hundred thousand enemies. For every
favor

favor I granted, I received unwilling thanks from one whom I had obliged, and open curses from a thousand whom I had disappointed. My generals were defeated, and their mistakes attributed to me. When the Sophi acted so as to please the people he had all the honor, and, when he acted otherwise, his misconduct was imputed to me. In short, I was detested by the multitude and abhorred by the court. I was insulted by an hundred libels. My master was frequently out of humor, the Sultana never pleased, and I seemed less likely to find Bathmendi than ever.

To put the finishing hand to all my misfortunes, the Sophi conceived a passion for a young Mingrelian slave. The courtiers eagerly hoped to see the mistress displace the minister. I warded off this stroke, by forming an alliance with the Mingrelian beauty,
and

and by flattering and encouraging the Sophi in his passion.

His love, however, increased to so violent a degree that he determined to marry his mistress, and asked me my advice. For some days I avoided giving any answer.

The Sultana, who feared she must lose her power if her son should marry, sent to let me know that, unless I prevented the intended nuptials, she would have me assassinated the very day the ceremony took place. An hour after the Mingrelian came herself to declare that, unless I advised the King to marry her the next day, she would have me strangled the day after.

My situation was embarrassing; I had my choice, whether I would die
by

by the cord, or by poison, or save myself by flight. I determined on the latter, and, having disguised myself in the manner you see, made my escape from my palace, with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will serve to maintain myself and you in some remote corner of Indostan, far from all Sultana mothers, Mingrelian beauties, and treacherous courts.

Bekir, then, in his turn, related his adventures to Mesrou. They both agreed, the wisest step they could take would be to return to Koufistan, to their brother Tai, where the diamonds of Mesrou would be sufficient to support them the remainder of their lives. Having thus determined, they took the road for Koufistan, and journeyed several days without meeting with any adventure.

As

As they were crossing the province of Farfistan, they arrived, towards evening, at a small village, where they intended to pass the night. It happened to be a holiday, and, as they entered the village, they saw several children belonging to the inhabitants, returning from walking. They were under the conduct of a school master, but meanly habited, who walked with his eyes fixed on the ground, and appeared to have his thoughts employed on some melancholy subject. The two brothers, having considered him with some attention, perceived, with great surprise, it was Sadder, their brother Sadder.

After the first transports at such an unexpected meeting had subsided, What, cried Bekir, is it thus genius is rewarded ?

You

You see, replied Sadder, it is not rated above its value. The truth affords ample scope for philosophical reflexion, which, to be sure, is a great consolation.

Having said this, he conducted his scholars home to their parents ; and, taking Bekir and Mesrou to his cottage, cooked, himself, a little rice for their supper : then, after having heard their adventures, thus began to relate his own :

The Genius, Alzim, who, as I strongly suspect, delights maliciously to sport with the passions of men, advised me to seek, that never to be found, Bathmendi, in the great city of Agra, among the wits and beauties of that metropolis. To Agra, therefore, I went, and determined to

make myself known by some production of consequence.

Hope and Industry were expeditious, and my work appeared. It contained a compleat course of all human sciences, in one small volume of about 50 or 60 pages, divided into chapters. Each chapter contained a tale, and every tale compleatly taught a science. My book had prodigious success.

Some criticisms appeared against it, alledging it was too prolix ; but it was bought up by all the fashionable world, a circumstance which sufficiently sweetened the gall of criticism. My book rendered me famous : I was sought after and welcome in every company that pretended to wit. Whatever I said was received

ceived with admiration, nothing was talked of or regarded but myself, and the favorite Sultana wrote me an ill spelled billet to invite me to court.

This, said I, is something. Alzim has not deceived me ; my glory is at its height. I am going to court, and shall find more certain methods to preserve myself in favor than artifice and intrigue. I shall please ! I shall captivate ! I shall certainly find Bathmendi !

The reception I met with, in the palace of the Great Mogul, equalled my most sanguine wishes. The favorite Sultana openly declared herself my patroness, presented me to the Emperor, requested me to make verses, enriched me with pensions, admitted me into the number of her

most intimate friends, and swore to me, a hundred times in a day, that nothing should diminish her esteem.

I, in return, gave myself up to all those grateful emotions which might naturally be expected to arise, from a disposition so warm as mine. Secretly I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to celebrate my benefactress, and wrote a poem in honor of her, in which the beams of the sun were eclipsed by the splendor of her eyes ; and the vivid colors of ivory, coral, and the pearls of the Persian gulph, excelled by the beauties of her complexion, lips and teeth.

These delicate praises, I had no doubt, would for ever secure me her protection. I now imagined the happy moment was arrived when I was
to

to meet with Bathmendi : but my protectress just then embroiled herself with the Visir, about the government of a province, which he had refused to bestow on the son of one of her favorites, and solicited the Emperor to banish the insolent minister, who had dared to deny her request.

The Emperor, however, who had a great esteem for his Visir, refused the favorite : she was therefore determined to concert a regular plan, that might ensure his destruction. I was chosen to promote her designs, and received orders to compose and publish a severe libel against the object of her hatred.

The desired libel was soon written : that was not difficult. It was also well written : for that also is easy.

K 3

And

And it was read with avidity : as such productions constantly are.

The Visir presently knew I must be the author. He immediately repaired to the Favorite, and carried her the appointment he had at first refused, with an order on the treasury for a hundred thousand darics ; asking nothing, in return, but that I should be sacrificed to his resentment, and condemned to die in a dungeon.

It is of no great consequence, replied the Favorite, what becomes of that wretch ; and I esteem myself too happy to be able to oblige you in any thing. I will certainly deliver the insolent fellow into your hands, who has dared thus to defame, to vilify you, contrary to my express commands !

For-

Fortunately one of her slaves, who was present, came immediately to give me an account of this conversation, and I had just time enough to escape.

Since that time I have wandered over all Hindostan, subsisting by writing romances, making verses, and laboring for the booksellers, who cheated me; and, more suspicious of my want of abilities than their own want of generosity, continually found fault with my matter and style.

When I was wealthy my works were without equal, but, so soon as I became poor, every thing I wrote was treated with contempt; or, at best, with indifference. At length, tired of instructing the world, I thought it preferable to become a school-master, in this little village, where

I eat brown bread, and have no hopes of ever finding Bathmendi.

It depends on yourself to be removed from so disagreeable a situation, said Mesrou. You may return, with us, to Koufistan; where a few diamonds, which I have about me, will secure us a quiet and comfortable subsistence.

It was no difficult matter to persuade Sadder to comply with this advice; and, the next morning, the three brothers left the village, before it was light, and took the road to Koufistan.

On the last day of their journey, and when they were not very far from the house of Tai, the expectation of seeing their brother consoled them for all their misfortunes. But their hope
was

was mingled with fear. Perhaps, said they, we shall not find him. We left him poor, and it cannot be expected he should have found Bathmendi, since he was not in a condition to seek him.

I must confess, said Sadder, I have often thought of that Bathmendi, so much talked of by Alzim, and am strongly inclined to suspect the Genius merely meant to ridicule us. Bathmendi does not, nor ever did, exist; for, since my brother, Bekir, could not meet with him, when he commanded the Persian army; since Mesrou could never hear of him, while he was the favorite of a powerful monarch; since I myself knew nothing of him, when my reputation and fortune were at the highest, I cannot help mistrusting that this

Bathmendi is, merely, an imaginary Being; a chimera, which men hunt after, from their natural propensity to believe in every absurd fable.

He was proceeding in his demonstration, that Bathmendi had no existence, when a band of robbers rushed from behind the rocks, among which the road winded, and commanded them to strip. Bekir endeavored to make some resistance, but was soon disarmed; and four of the banditti, holding their poniards to his breast, quickly divested him of all his habiliments; while their companions did the same by Mesrou and Sadder.

This business was dispatched in an instant; after which the chief of the robbers wished them a good day, and left them all three naked in the middle of the highway,

Here

Here is an additional proof of what I advanced, said Sadder. The rascals, cried Bekir, have taken away my sword. And my diamonds, added Mesrou, in a tone truly sorrowful.

It was now night, the three unfortunate adventurers, therefore, made all possible haste to reach the house of their brother; at length they arrived at his dwelling, the sight of which brought tears into their eyes. They stood some time at the door, and dared not knock: all their fears and uncertainty returned.

At last, Bekir, mounted on a large stone, near the door, and looking through a crevice, in the shutter of the window, perceived a neat little room, simply furnished, and his brother, Tai, sitting at table, in the midst of his children, who were eating, laugh-

ing, and prattling all together. On his right sat his wife, Amina, feeding her youngest child; and, on his left, an old man of a mild and cheerful countenance, who was just then offering Tai a glass of wine.

Bekir, at this sight, sprang, with transport, into the arms of his brothers, and knocked at the door with all his might. A servant came to open it, who, seeing three men entirely naked, cried out, greatly terrified.

Tai hastens to the door, the strangers fold him in their arms, and call him brother. At first he was greatly alarmed; but, presently convinced they were no other than Bekir, Mesrou, and Sadder, he returns their embraces with equal ardor, and bids them

them heartily welcome to his habitation. The children all gathered round them, and every one, except the old man, left the table. Tai, having furnished his brothers with cloaths, introduced them to his wife, and made them kiss the children.

Alas, cried Bekir, much affected, the happiness of your condition makes us amends for all we ourselves have suffered. From the instant we left you, our lives have, in fact, been one continued series of misfortunes ; nor have we once seen that Bathmendi we so eagerly sought.

I can readily believe you, replied the old man, who still continued at table ; for I have never stirred from this place.

How ! cried Mesrou, are you—

I am

I am Bathmendi, replied the aged fire. It is no ways wonderful *you* should not know me; you, who have never seen me before: but enquire of Tai, the amiable Amina, or any one of these little children: not one of these but is well acquainted with my person. Fifteen years have I now resided with them, and made their house my home, without ever quitting it, except for a single day, when Amina lost her father: but I returned, and made them a promise never to depart more. If you are willing, gentlemen adventurers, it will be no difficult matter for you to cultivate an acquaintance with me. I remain quiet in my corner; an enemy to dispute and noise.

The three brothers now offered with great eagerness to embrace the old man.

Softly,

Softly, cried he. I am no friend to these violent emotions: my frame is too delicate to support them. Besides, it is necessary to be friends, before we proceed to such passionate caresses; and, if you wish my friendship, do not express yourselves with exaggeration. I value liberty much more than politeness; and am an utter enemy to every thing immoderate.

So saying, he arose, gave each of the children a kiss, courteously saluted the three brothers, and, kindly smiling on Amina and Tai, retired to his chamber.

Tai sat down to table with his brothers, and ordered beds to be prepared for them. The next day he shewed them his fields, his flocks, his instruments of tillage, and enumerated

merated to them the pleasures he enjoyed.

Bekir expressed a wish to begin working that very day; he was, therefore, the first who became the friend of Bathmendi.

Mesrou, who had been prime minister, became the bailiff of the farm; and the poet was employed to carry to market, and dispose of their corn, wool, and milk; in which employment his eloquence proved very serviceable, and rendered him no less useful than his brothers.

At the end of six months, they all became perfectly familiar with Bathmendi, and the remainder of their days were passed in tranquillity and happiness.

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O S A K O I;

O R, T H E

FAITHFUL SUBJECT,

F R O M

PIECES INTERESSANTES,

BY M. D E L A P L A C E,

And there said to be translated
from the R U S S I A N.

DURING the troubles occasioned by the boundless ambition of the Princess Sophia, it is well known the revolt of the Strelitzes brought the Russian empire to the brink of ruin.

A brother of the famous Tottelawitau, Colonel of this corps, lost
his

his life on a scaffold. His name was Ofakoi, and, as his effects were confiscated, he left a son in the most deplorable wretchedness. This unfortunate youth, having almost miraculously escaped the pursuits of the Emperor's emissaries, was concealed in an obscure village by an old slave of his father's.

When he was grown up, that domestic informed him of the secret of his birth, and proposed to him to revenge the misfortunes of his family by assassinating the Czar, a proposition at which the young man shuddered, though he thought proper to dissemble his real feelings.

The slave, who imagined he had nearly persuaded him to take part in a proposed conspiracy, prevailed on him to set out for Moscow, where
he

he would find, he said, many others ready to engage with him in the enterprise. Osakoi, either through weakness or seduced into hope of revenge, followed his conductor. They arrived, during the darkness of night, and stopped at a tavern near Kremlin, where the Emperor then resided.

The slave having found out his associates they determined to meet that very night, and the place of rendezvous was the ruins of an old house, not far from the Imperial palace.

Osakoi, who often had endeavored to prevail on his companion to let him know the names of the conspirators, pressed him, again, to satisfy his curiosity, but without success.

The

The time fixed on for our assembling approaches, said the slave. You are going to associate with brave men, animated with the hope of vengeance, and who, notwithstanding your youth and inexperience, desire to have you at their head. The humiliating condition to which you are reduced, and the blood of your father, which is still reeking, ought to inspire you with fortitude, and make you brave every danger in pursuit of revenge.

This exhortation made young Osakoi tremble, and not without reason, as the tavern was full of Russians, who, according to the custom of the country, were striving who should get drunk first.

It is true the slave spoke in a low voice, and in a kind of dialect not under-

understood by the Russians of Moscow. Yet might not some one be present to whom it was familiar? But every criminal is almost always blind, and almost always betrays himself.

The slave and Osakoi repaired to the place where this fatal meeting was to be held, and found the conspirators already assembled. The principal among them addressed himself to Osakoi :

You see before you, said he, a number of unfortunate men, who have escaped from the tyranny of the Czar. That barbarian, though he has murdered the greatest part of the Strelitzes, our brethren, either by the executioner or his own hand, has not been able to wreak his cruelty
upon

upon us. Heaven has preserved us to be instrumental to its vengeance, the moment for which is now arrived. Shudder, young Osakoi. I saw your wretched father weltring in his blood: unable to save, I followed him to the scaffold. Ten years have we wandered in the wildest of deserts, and been forced to obtain by fraud a subsistence which, as soldiers and citizens, we had a right to demand; but to-morrow the cruel tyrant and his principal courtiers shall fall beneath our weapons. Young man, we loved thy father, he was our leader, be thou his successor, and let thy fortitude render thee worthy our choice. When a sovereign has broken through the legal bounds of his power, true courage, to effect its deliverance, must likewise pass the limits of duty and humanity.

Osakoi,

Osakoi, sensible that in his situation to hesitate would be punished with instant death, assumed the appearance of a resolution which he did not possess.

The conspirators determined, at parting, to reassemble the next night at the same hour, and, for greater security, the slave and Osakoi returned to the tavern by different ways.

Osakoi was scarcely thirty paces distant from the place of meeting when he saw himself followed by a Russian, who requested he would go with him; and Osakoi, imagining him to be one of the conspirators, complied with his request. Coming to a narrow stair-case, they went up with some difficulty, and entering a small closet his companion immediately shut the door.

Be

Be not surprized, said the Russian, at my behavior, what I have to say requires the greatest secrecy. I, as well as you, have just left that assembly where the death of the Czar has been determined. This night is the first time the conspirators have condescended to admit me among them, though, like yourself, sufficient motives to revenge have rendered me an irreconcilable enemy to my sovereign. But, though his cruelties may well deserve to be expiated by his blood, our schemes seem but badly planned. Who, indeed, are these conspirators? Criminals, who have escaped the rigor of the laws, though guilty of every outrage; villains, who mean nothing but murder, robbery, and pillage. And, who their accomplices? If you believe them, the principal persons

sons of the empire, yet they dare not, nor are they perhaps able, to name any of that class. What man of honor then would so demean himself as to associate with such banditti? And what plan have they revealed to us? For whom do we risk our lives? We neither know their schemes, their means, nor their resources. Yet they wish us to be the blind instruments of such an enterprize. These, young Osakoi, were my doubts; these my fears, while we were assembled. The conspirators have named you their chief. I approve their choice. Let what is dark and mysterious in this plot be discovered to me, and you may depend on my concurrence.

A heart simple and undisguised as
it was first formed by Nature, and

removed by Fortune far from the intrigues of the capital and corruption of courts, as it is itself incapable of treachery, is seldom suspicious. Osakoi was struck with the confidence of the Russian, and emboldened by it to discover his sentiments.

You may have remarked, said he, my surprize at finding myself in such an assembly. Satisfied with my condition, unacquainted with the world which lay beyond the confines of the inconsiderable village in which I lived, I enjoyed tranquillity uninterrupted. Here I am yet scarce know how I came here. I am told it is my duty to avenge my father, and murder my sovereign. Yet I never knew this father, nor whether he were innocent or guilty,

guilty, though I am required for his sake to assassinate my emperor. Such maxims I confess are contrary to the feelings of my nature. For, who am I that I should become the judge of a mighty monarch. Has Heaven invested me with authority to punish him? The very proposal made me shudder, but the fear of death prevented my answering in the language of my heart. Since you have disclosed your sentiments to me, I have, with equal freedom, discovered mine to you. I detest every criminal action, and, above all, the horrible one which I have engaged to perform. A voice within me perpetually remonstrates, *Love and respect thy Sovereign*. Have pity therefore on my youth, I will be directed by your advice. Preserve me from the fury of these barbarians, who

have chosen me to be the executioner of their master and mine. For, if I must perish, or attempt the life of the Czar, I had far rather perish innocent.

Thou shalt not perish, virtuous youth, cried the Russian : to the Czar himself thou art now speaking, and he will not fail to recompence such ingenuous and noble sentiments.

In fact, the monarch had gone, in the disguise of a slave, and overheard a part of the plot in the tavern. This discovery inspired him with the idea of joining the russians, who had conspired his destruction. He boldly repaired thither, and mixed with the assassins. He perceived that Osakoi seemed disturbed, and hesitated in his answers ; he determined there-

therefore to save him, if less guilty than the rest.

Those who consider this relation as romantic ought to remember that the Life of Peter the Great is filled with such adventures.

That monarch, born to form anew the manners of his people, desirous of seeing every thing with his own eyes, frequently disguised himself and mixed with public companies, where drunken debauchery renders the tongue incapable of keeping a secret, and owed to this practice, however dangerous it may appear, the discovery of a number of plots formed against him. His people respected no less than they feared him, and it was a common expression among them, "Let us behave

well, for the Emperor hears all we say."

After having infused courage into Osakoi, by heaping on him commendations and caresses, he directed him to rejoin his comrades at the tavern, and excuse his stay by his little acquaintance with the streets of Moscow.

The slave entertained no suspicions, and the next day Osakoi accompanied him to the meeting of the conspirators. It was determined that the palace should be set on fire, and, during the confusion this must occasion, one part of their number should plunder the city, while the other, with Osakoi at their head, should join their confederates from the castle, who were now named,
and

and appeared to be some of the first persons in the state: proceeding thence to the apartment of the Emperor, they were to stab him when he came out to enquire the occasion of the tumult. But, while they were exacting the oath which was to bind these assassins to each other, the Czar's guards came suddenly upon them. They were all thrown into a dungeon, and the accomplices they had named secured. Their punishment instantly followed, and they were the same day delivered into the hands of the executioner.

Osakoi experienced no gradations in his good fortune, and was only preceded in the favor of the Emperor by Prince Menzikoff, who had been raised from the lowest of the people to the greatest dignities,

L 4. whence

whence his inconstancy precipitated
him a few years after into the most
extreme misery.

L E T T E R
 FROM M. de la P L A C E,
 TO THE
 M A R Q U I S O F N——

Containing a singular ANECDOTE
 relative to the credulity of the famous
 MARIVAUX, a French Poet.

I Should not have told you while
 he was living, my dear Marquis,
 but since M. de R * * has already
 acquainted you with several of his
 peculiarities, and you seem in-
 clined to believe I know more of
 them than any other person, I can-
 not but confess that our late much
 esteemed Marivaux, notwithstand-
 ing all his wit, and sound philoso-
 phy, in which perhaps no one ever
 excelled him, was, with regard to

L 5 certain

certain subjects, credulous to a most surprising degree; you may judge from the following anecdote.

One winter evening, when a dangerous cold obliged me to keep my chamber, he called to see me, as he came from the academy, almost dead with cold, and coughing more violently and frequently than I did myself, which appeared to me the more extraordinary, as I knew how very careful he always was of his health.

You must not be too severe on me, said he, desirous to prevent my sarcastic remarks. Every thing must have an end, indeed I am quite tired of so much restraint and regimen, which, instead of removing my catarrhus complaint, seem only to increase it. Besides, notwithstanding the danger to which I may seem exposed

posed, by going out in such weather as the present, I have secret, and, in my own opinion, perfectly satisfactory reasons why I should not apprehend any ill consequences.

This declaration appears so extravagant, said I, looking full at him, that, had it proceeded from any one beside yourself, I should have thought him destitute of common sense.

I suppose you would, my good friend, replied he, but let the matter rest, and make no mention of what you have heard.

How Sir ! Suffer me to say, my curiosity, after what I have heard, is not less than my anxiety. If you can doubt this, I am not worthy the

friendship with which you have hitherto honored me.

After a moment's silence on both sides, I am to blame, cried he. Your serious air shews me how much I have excited your surprize, and I think it my duty to expiate my imprudence, by relating an adventure at which you will probably laugh, but which I can no longer refuse to the friendly attention and concern you at present feel. Let us therefore be left alone,—and now listen to my recital.

Born at Paris, of a respectable family, my father, who formerly was superintendant of the coinage at Riom, having left me some property, the ardor of youth, together with the hope of increasing my fortune, caused me to become the dupe of
the

the schemes of the *Rue Quinquampoix*; when, after some brilliant successes, finding myself undeceived and ruined like many others, and awakened from my agreeable dream, I had recourse to writing for the theatre.

My first performances, however, having procured me more fame than profit, I yielded to the sollicitations of an old female relation, who was supposed to be very rich, and set out for Lyons, where I soon found myself not a little disgusted at my situation, as the lady was sickly and peevish, and far from being so rich as had been reported.

During my continuance in this way of life, extremely unsuitable to so active a spirit as mine, going one day into one of the most frequented coffee houses of the city, I
was

was struck by the appearance of a little old man, who seemed as ancient as Time himself is commonly represented, but whose lively eye and countenance, as expressive as uncommon, interested me greatly.

I approached, hoping to engage him in a conversation which might enable me to form a better judgment of his character, but I was deceived in my expectation; for, whether he was displeased with my forward eagerness or was in reality going before I came up to him, he immediately paid for his dish of coffee, and saluting me with a cold and distant politeness left the room.

Piqued at his behavior, and obliged to follow him by a kind of irresist-

irresistible charm, I went out after him, and, keeping him in sight, though at a distance, presently saw him go down one of the walks of the Fauxbourg de la Guillotiere which I likewise immediately entered.

He walked alone, in one of the most retired alleys; and I, fearing again to offend, went into another, pretending not to take any notice of him, though at the same time insensibly approaching him, but seemingly attentive to another object.

However, as I could discern by a side glance that he perceived and no longer endeavored to avoid me, when I came to the bottom of the walk, I entered that in which he was, still affecting an absent behavior,

havior, and, presently after meeting him, saluted him so respectfully that he could no longer doubt he was recollected by me.

But how great was my surprize when, on turning, at the end of the walk, I looked in vain for the stranger who had so much engaged my curiosity, and who, as I was informed by one of the Porters, had just left the place.

You are no stranger to my disposition or opinions my friend, continued Marivaux, who saw I could not help smiling.

Far from finding my curiosity diminished, it was so much increased that, having sought him again the next day, and found him in the same place, I sufficiently overcame

came my timidity to go up to him, and, with as much earnestness as I was capable of at that age, intreated him to grant me his company, though only for a few minutes.

I know you, Monsieur de Marivaux, answered he, smiling; and you may perceive that the trouble you have been at to procure a knowledge of me has not escaped my notice: but in this endeavor (at least at present) you will not succeed.

How! Sir: I have the honor to be known to you and yet you will refuse—

Be calm.—Yes; I know you, and knew your father, and the greater part of your relations; and, what is more, I know the motives which brought you hither, and am as well acquaint-

acquainted as you are yourself with your disgust at your present situation; but reasons which I cannot discover compel me to beg you will enquire no farther, and be not offended if I now take my leave.

I ask your pardon, Sir, but since you know me may I not at least hope—

No, I tell you, I cannot now, and it is to no purpose to press me any more. Do not attempt to follow me, it can be of no advantage to you, but may prove hurtful to us both. I can only say you have excited in me a considerable regard for you, of which it depends on yourself to receive one day convincing proofs. Adieu, then, my dear Marivaux, continue to cultivate literature, and above all to preserve your rectitude;

rectitude; and, what ever may happen, be certain, and rely on my word for it, *you shall not die till you have seen me again.* Once more adieu, we are observed, and I cannot stay any longer.

The next day I made a very diligent search in all the coffee-houses, public places, and inns of Lyons, but to no purpose. This extraordinary person was known to no one, and seemed to have been a phantom visible to me alone. I have now lived almost forty years and have not seen him since.

Such is my history, said Marivaux, fighting; and, in spite of every endeavor to disregard the impression made on me by this adventure, I never can persuade myself that this man was either an imaginary being
or

or an impostor; who had any kind of interest, present or future, in abusing the credulity of a person from whom he had nothing to hope, and still less to fear.

I then perceived, my dear Marquis, how improbable it was I should be able to remove a prejudice so deeply rooted: it even appeared to me that, could I effect it, it would only be doing my friend an unkindness, since it rendered him perfectly easy under his ailments, and I have since learned, by Mademoiselle de St. Jean at whose house he lived, that he died, at the age of seventy-five, without doubting the truth of what had been told him by his little old man, or abandoning the expectation of seeing him once more.

I have the honor, &c.

SOPH.

SOPHRONIMUS, AND CHARITES,

OR THE

GODDESS OF MILETUS,

A T A L E.

BY THE CHEVALIER DE FLORIAN.

SOPHRONIMUS was a native of Thebes. His father, who was of an ancient family in Corinth, had settled in the capital of Beotia. He soon after died, and his wife survived him but a short time.

Sophronimus, at twelve years of age, found himself without parents, without fortune, and without protector.

Among

Among all his calamities, the loss of his parents caused him the most sensible grief; he went every day to mourn over their tomb, and afterwards returned home to eat the bread he received, as an alms, from one of the priests of Minerva. One day, as this friendless orphan was wandering about the city, he strolled by chance into the shop of the famous Praxiteles. He was transported at the sight of the immortal works of that great artist; the more he considered the more he admired them, and, addressing himself to Praxiteles, with that confidence and those winning graces which are peculiar to childhood, father, said he, give me a chissel, and teach me to become a great man, like yourself. Praxiteles surveyed the child, astonished at the fire which sparkled in his eyes. Tenderly

derly embracing him, yes, said he, I will undertake to be your instructor, and may you, hereafter, surpass your master.

Young Sophronimus felt his heart overflow with delight and gratitude. He never left Praxiteles, and soon gave proofs of most superior natural talents. At eighteen years of age he had produced works which his master needed not have been ashamed to own.

As it happened, about this time, Praxiteles died, and left, by will, a very considerable sum to his favorite pupil. Sophronimus was inconsolable: he no longer could reside in Thebes; he left his country, and availed himself of the legacy of his benefactor, to wander over the realms of Greece.

As

As he carried with him, where ever he went, that love for the truly beautiful, and that desire to learn, by which he had been inspired from his youth, he unremittingly improved in knowledge. Every masterly model he beheld taught him something new.

His mind and manners grew every day more polished; and, as he was more intent on acquiring talents he had not than in the admiration of those he already possessed, Sophronimus, at twenty years of age, was the most accomplished and amiable of men. Having resolved to settle in some great city, he pitched on Miletus, a colony of the Greeks, on the coast of Ionia. He purchased a small house, and procured a subsistence by sculpture.

Fame,

Fame, though frequently too slow to reward merit, did not delay to proclaim the abilities of Sophronimus. His works were soon in the greatest esteem, and their beauties the only topic of public discourse. The young Theban did not suffer himself to be intoxicated with praise, but redoubled his endeavors to excell. He passed the day at work, in his shop, in tranquillity and content, and the evening in reading Homer. This instructive amusement, at once elevated his mind, and furnished him with ideas for the designs of the morrow. He then thanked the gods, and retired to rest; satisfied with the day past, and prepared for the day to come.

This happiness was too great to be durable. The only enemy who

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M

can

can deprive Virtue of peace destroyed the tranquillity of Sophronimus. Charites, the daughter of Aristæus, came, with her father, to visit the shop of the young Theban. The most beautiful virgins of Ionia appeared eclipsed and obscure in the presence of Charites ; and her mind was no less lovely than her countenance. Aristæus, her father, the richest of all the inhabitants of Miletus, had devoted himself entirely to the education of his daughter. The love of virtue was the natural offspring of her heart, and all his treasures were employed to adorn her mind with every ornamental accomplishment. Charites, at sixteen, was more beautiful than Helen, reasoned like Plato, and sang like Orpheus.

Sophro-

Sophronimus, when he first saw her, felt an emotion he had never before experienced. He cast his eyes to the ground and scarcely could pronounce a word. Aristæus, attributing his embarrassment to respect, encouraged him, by expressions of the utmost kindness. Let me beg you, said he, to shew us your most beautiful statue. Alas ! replied Sophronimus, I have had the presumption to imagine and form a Venus, with which, till to-day, I was very well satisfied ; but I now perceive its imperfections. So saying, he discovered his Venus ; casting, at the same time, a timid glance on Charites. She perfectly understood his meaning, and seemed entirely taken up with examining the statue, though her thoughts were, in reality, employed on the young sculptor.

M 2

Aris-

Aristæus, having- admired the works of Sophronimus, left his shop, promising to return. Charites, as she went, saluted him with an air of the utmost condescension and affability, and poor Sophronimus, for the first time, perceived he was left alone in his house.

In the evening he did not read Homer; his mind was intent on Charites; and the next day, instead of returning to his labor, he visited every part of the city in hopes of meeting her. He saw her again, and, from that moment, enjoyed no more rest, no more addicted himself to study; his unfinished statues remained untouched; Apollo, Diana, and Jupiter, were no longer regarded by Sophronimus: Charites, alone, employed all his thoughts.
He

He daily frequented the Circus, and the places of public amusement. When he had not seen, he returned home to think of her; and, when he had, to contrive the means of seeing her again.

At length his fame, his repeated endeavors, and his address, procured him admission into the house of Aristæus. He obtained an interview with Charites, which only served still more to inflame his passion. But how was it possible for him to declare it? How should he, a sculptor, without fortune and without relations, pretend to the most advantageous match in the city? Every circumstance combined with his delicacy to forbid him to speak. Charites was so rich that a poor man had no right to discern she was love-

M 3

ly.

ly. Sophronimus was sensible of this, and knew that to declare his passion would be his ruin; though, to be silent would be his death. He therefore wrote to Charites. This letter, tender, submissive, and respectful, was entrusted to a slave of Aristæus', to whom Sophronimus had given all he had amassed, from the sale of his statues. The faithless slave, instead of carrying the letter to Charites, delivered it into the hands of her father.

Aristæus, enraged at what he read, for the first time, abused his authority; he falsely accused Sophronimus, in the council, and procured him to be banished from the city.

The unhappy lover waited, in the utmost anxiety, for an answer; instead of which he received an order
to

to leave Miletus. He made no doubt but Charites, offended at his presumption, had, herself, solicited this mandate. I have deserved my fate, cried he, yet I do not repent. Oh ye gods! secure her happiness, and accumulate, on my head, every evil which else might threaten her. Without repining at the severity of his judges, he walked, disconsolately, towards the port, and embarked on board a Cretan ship.

Charites' father, however, did not think proper to let his daughter know the real cause of his banishment. Nevertheless she suspected it. She had read, in the eyes of the Theban, what she would not have dared to look on in his letter. She paid the tribute of her tears to the memory of a man who had been ren-

dered wretched, through his passion for her. But Charites was very young; she soon forgot her lover, and Aristæus, having removed the cause of his fear, employed all his thoughts on procuring an advantageous match for his daughter, when an unforeseen event threw all Miletus into consternation.

Some pirates, from Lemnos, had seized on one of the quarters of the city; and, before the inhabitants could take arms to repel the invaders, those barbarians had pillaged the temple of Venus, and carried away the statue of the goddess. This statue was the palladium of Miletus; and the prosperity of the Milesians depended on it's remaining in their possession.

Alarmed

Alarmed at their loss, they sent ambassadors to Delphos to consult Apollo. The oracle answered that Miletus could never regain its former security, till a new statue, equally beautiful with the goddess herself, should replace that which had been carried away.

Immediately the Milesians published, through all Greece, that the most beautiful virgin, and four talents of gold, should be the reward of the sculptor, who should fulfil the conditions of the oracle. Several artists, of eminence, brought their works, which were exposed in the public market-place, to the admiration of the magistrates and the people; but no sooner was any statue placed on the altar than it was thrown down, by a supernatural

M 5 power.

power. The Milesians, in despair, began then to regret they had banished Sophronimus; and demanded his recal in the most clamorous manner.

Aristæus, himself, was compelled to make enquiry after the Cretan vessel, on board of which he had embarked, in order to discover where the exile might probably be found: but it was at length known the vessel had been lost, with all the crew, near the isle of Naxos.

The distracted Milesians murmured against their magistrate, and attributed all their misfortunes to his want of vigilance. They imputed to him the invasion of the barbarians, and the death of Sophronimus, whom he had caused to be
banished

banished unjustly. From murmurs they, at length, proceeded to violence. They surround and force the house of Aristæus; neither the prayers nor tears of Charites avail, to save her father. Aristæus was seized, loaded with irons, and thrown into a dungeon; and the people passed a decree that he should not be set at liberty, till the statue of Venus was replaced.

Charites, in despair, determined to go, herself, to Athens, Corinth, and Thebes, in search of an artist who might deliver her father. She first, however, paid all attention to the proper means of softening his sufferings: she appointed a slave, to relieve his every want, and, having thus given him all the ease and herself all the satisfaction in her power,

she fitted out a vessel, took with her a prodigious treasure, and departed.

Her voyage, during the first two or three days, was prosperous: the winds seemed to have taken her under their protection; but, on a sudden, a dreadful storm forced the vessel from its course, and obliged the pilot to take refuge in a bay to which he was a stranger. No sooner had he entered it than the tempest ceased, and the sun appeared in all its splendor. Charites, invited by the serenity of the sky, was induced to land, to repose herself, awhile, after the fatigues of her voyage. She quickly gained the shore, and, seating herself on a flowery bank, sunk into a gentle slumber, which, for a moment, made her forget

get all her sorrows. She soon awoke, and, seeing her slaves were still asleep, was unwilling to disturb them. She walked, alone, upon the beach, meditating on her misfortunes, and desirous to see more of these uninhabited scenes. She passed the rocks, which defended the interior parts of the island from the waves.

Not far from thence she perceived a delightful valley, watered by two limpid streams, and covered with fruit trees. She stood, for a moment, to contemplate the charming prospect. It was then one of the finest days of spring: all the trees were in blossom, and drops of water, from the late storm, still hung on the leaves of the flowers, to which the rays of the sun gave the

the appearance of precious stones. Multitudes of bees and papilios, enlivened by the return of the sunshine, fluttered round the odoriferous plants, yet feared to alight lest they should injure their transparent wings. The Nightingale and the Linnet, recovered from their terror, made the groves resound with their melody, while their females were intent on procuring materials to compleat their nests.

Charites was transported with the scene; she descended into the valley, and, crossing the mead, perceived, at some distance, a low hut, encompassed with green reeds. The entrance was concealed by a small wood, which, when she approached, she heard the murmurs of a stream, meandering near her; and soon after
the

the music of a lyre, accompanied by
a most sweet and harmonious voice,
singing the following words.

I.

Rash was the Youth who durst aspire
On Jove's high Queen his love to place :
But, ah ! severe that heavenly ire
That gave a Cloud to his embrace.

II.

Like him I dar'd, like him, deceiv'd,
Audacious gaz'd on charms divine !
Like him too eagerly believed ;
Like him I now unpitied pine.

III.

Ah ! Goddess dear, 'twas most unmeet
I should the Lover's boon implore ;
Presumptuous hope for bliss so great :
Yet still I may and must adore.*

* This poem is not a translation. The original, though poetical and tender, has the defect, too common to short lyric poems, of not being a whole. One of the thoughts therefore has been taken for the subject of the above song.

Scarcely

Scarcely was the song finished before Charites, recognizing the voice of Sophronimus, fainted away. Her lover, apprized by the sound that some one is near, runs to learn who. He beholds Charites, stretched, insensible, on the ground, takes her in his arms, carries her to the brink of the stream, and, throwing some water on her beauteous countenance, soon restores her to life and light. Sophronimus was at her feet.

Art thou Charites, said he ; or some Goddess ! assuming her heavenly form ?

I am the daughter of Aristæus, replied the virgin ; and you alone can snatch my father from danger and death.

Tell

Tell me, cried the transported Sophronimus, what I must do? My life shall be devoted to his safety.

Charites then informed him in what manner he might preserve her country, and deliver her father. Joy sparkled in the eyes of her lover as she spoke.

Fear nothing, said he, with modest confidence brightening in his countenance; I have a statue in my hut, which I have hopes will satisfy the goddess: nay it cannot fail, cried the enraptured youth! But you must promise me you will not see it, till it is placed in the temple at Miletus.

The daughter of Aristæus consented without hesitation, and Sophronimus related to her in what manner

manner he alone had been preserved, after the shipwreck, together with his utensils for sculpture. He found, in that unpeopled island, water, fruits and marble. Alone, in this little hut, he had finished the statue which was to effect the deliverance of Aristæus. Come, said he, and see where I so long have lived; employing all my thoughts on you:

Charites followed Sophronimus into his cottage, in every part of which she saw her name written, and her picture delineated.

Forgive me, said the sculptor, if, alone, in this island, I have dared to express the sentiments of my heart. I was in no danger of being banished hence.

The

The recollection brought tears into the eyes of the compaffionate Charites. Tenderly regarding him, ſhe replied, alas, you know, it was not I who - - -

The half finiſhed ſentence died upon her lips. Another ſenſation, pity for an imprifoned father, ſeized Charites; it was awakened by a ſtatue, covered with a veil, and ſtanding on a kind of altar. Let us loſe no time, ſaid ſhe. Commit this, the labour of genius——

Of love, interrupted Sophronimus.

Into the hands of my ſlaves, continued Charites. Let them convey it where I am fiſt to be permitted to ſee it; to Miletus. You will come with me; for, whatever may be the event, I ſeem to feel we ſhall now be ſeperated no more.

Sophro-

Sophronimus, transported with the happy lover's frenzy, kissed the hand of the virgin, and met with no repulse. Together they returned towards the shore, and were soon joined by a number of slaves and sailors, who, alarmed at the absence of their mistress, had sought her all over the island. Charites ordered them to bear away the veiled statue to the vessel, with the utmost care. Her commands were immediately obeyed.

Sophronimus, before he left his hut, with tears of gratitude offered up thanks to the rustic Deities, who had afforded him their protection in his asylum. He placed on the altar on which the statue had stood all his tools, and dedicated them to the god Pan; afterwards, respectfully kissing the threshold of the door, hi-
ther

ther will I return and die, cried Sophronimus, if I may not be permitted to live for Charites. After this farewell, they went on board the vessel and sailed for Miletus.

The voyage was prosperous and short; fortunately so for Charites, who wished Sophronimus to have effected her father's deliverance before she avowed her passion; had it been longer the lover perhaps might have obtained this avowal ere it had been so incontestably merited; but the prudence of Charites, the respect of Sophronimus, and, above all, the swift favoring winds brought the two lovers to Miletus, without any farther explanation than what had passed on the desert island.

The name of Sophronimus spread joy universal throughout Miletus.
The

The people who loved him assembled, and determined it was unnecessary for the statue to undergo any previous examination : they insisted it should immediately be exposed to the proof of the altar of Venus. It was therefore borne to the temple, where the multitude that attended it was immense.

Charites, trembling, followed Sophronimus, who advanced with the statue, covered with a veil. He placed it on the altar, with a modest yet not a doubtful air. He placed it—and it remained! It fell not, as all the preceding ones had done. Anxious hope trembled in the eyes of the Milesians and silence was on their lips. Sophronimus stood for a few moments, then drew aside the veil. Amazement seized the assembly, and the name of Charites suddenly

denly burst from every tongue. Charites was the Venus of Sophronimus. Charites, ever present to his memory, had inspired, had taught him to emulate, and to equal, the perfections of the deity of Miletus !

The Goddess accepted the offering with satisfaction ; and declared, by the mouth of her high priest, the oracle was accomplished. The people rent the air with plaudits and shouts of joy ; they surrounded Sophronimus, and required him to name his own reward.

Deliver Aristæus, replied he ; to honor and liberty restore him, and I am overpaid.

Immediately the crowd hastened to the prison. Charites wished to be the first to relieve her father. She
em-

embraced him, informed him of his present freedom, but spoke with down-cast eyes, as often as she mentioned the name of Sophronimus. The grateful Aristæus hastens to meet his deliverer, throws himself into his arms, and baths him with his tears.

My friend, my son, cried he, I have been rash, I have been wrong; but Charites must atone for the errors of Aristæus. Saying thus, he joined the hands of the lovers, the people applauded, and the inhabitants of Miletus followed with garlands of flowers and nuptial songs; while the children of Aristæus went to swear eternal fidelity at the foot of that statue which was, at once, a monument of the beauty of Charites and the affection of Sophronimus.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

